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NOT QUITE IN VAIN.

By Miles O'Reilly.

How often in days of our sore distress,
When we faint with an absolute weariness
Of endless labor and endless pain,
The sickening thought in our souls will rise,
Clouding with gloom even the brightest skies,
And chilling the pulse and filling the eyes—
"We have lived—we have lived in vain!"

When the hearts we thought golden and trusted best
Prove but shriveling dross in the fiery test
Which the Fates for all friendships ordain;
As we turn the false picture with face to the wall,
Or veil the lost idol with charity's pall,
How cold on the soul seems the whisper to fall—
"We have lived—we have lived in vain!"

When some prize of ambition, for years postponed,
Is at length attained, yet we feel unatoned
For the struggle that gave us the gain—
Oh, spurning the dead-sea fruit we sought,
"Must it ever be thus?" is the weary thought,
And again to our ears is the whisper brought—
"We have lived—we have lived in vain!"

Oh friends! how rare in this workaday life
Are the prizes, if won, that are worth the strife,
The clangor, the dust, and the strain!
There is only one in the world below,
But one, that, whatever its price of woe,
Bids the soul in the veins to exultingly know
That we have not lived in vain!

'Tis that moment unspeakable—best unsaid—
When blushingly downward the dear drooping head
To our breast for the first time we strain;
And the promise is given, not in words, but in sighs,
And the sweet, humid tenderness filling her eyes—
"Oh soul of my soul! If my love be a prize,
Then you have not lived in vain!"

HON. CHARLES F. ADAMS.

This country has fresh reason to be proud of its Minister in England—the Hon. Charles Francis Adams. His part in the remarkable correspondence which has recently taken place between him and Earl Russell places him side by side with his father and grandfather as a defender of his country in the English court.

For Charles Francis Adams is the third member of his family who has represented this country in England. His grandfather, John Adams, was the first American Minister to the Court of St. James. It was to him that King George the Third delivered the famous apostrophe: "I am, Sir, of all men in England, as you may imagine, the sorriest to receive you here." This was in 1785. Thirty years later the son of John Adams, John Quincy Adams, was sent to England as our Minister, remaining at court two years. He took with him his son, the present Charles F. Adams, who was eight years old at the time they arrived in London, and went to an English school. Report states that he took his first lessons in the art of self-defense from some English fellow-pupils, whose sarcastic flings at his country was more than the young Yankee could tolerate.

Mr. Adams has lived a quiet, unobtrusive life. In 1848 he was a delegate to the famous Buffalo Convention, and was chosen President of that body—a post of which he discharged the duties with credit. He subsequently published the Life and Writings of his grandfather, John Adams—a work of great merit, which occupies a standard place in our political literature. In 1859 he was elected to Congress. He was not a prominent member of the House; but it is a curious fact, when considered in relation to his subsequent efforts in support of the war, that from him came the first proposition for a compromise when the country was first threatened with civil war. He represented Massachusetts in the famous perilous committee, and probably his was the most finished speech delivered in Congress at this remarkable crisis in our national affairs.

Mr. Adams is now fifty-seven years of age, and has, it is said, a splendid fortune, part of which he derived from his wife. His position for the past five years has been one which demanded not only unusual sagacity but also an extraordinary equanimity of temper. His great reward is, that his expressions of confidence as to the success of his Government in the war for its self-preservation have been so triumphantly justified.

EARL RUSSELL.

Earl Russell, better known in history as Lord John Russell, is the third son of John, sixth Duke of Bedford. His mother was the daughter of the fourth Viscount Torrington. He was born at Mayfair, August 18, 1792. After a preparatory course of study at Sunbury and at Westminster School, he completed his scholastic education at the University of Edinburgh, where he was for some time the pupil of the metaphysician Thomas Brown and of Dugald Stewart. Under the tuition of the latter the liberal opinions which came to him as a natural inheritance from his ancestors were doubtless confirmed.

In 1813, after the formation of the Liverpool Ministry, Lord John Russell entered Parliament as member from Tavistock. The Whigs at this time possessed great influence, though not in office. One of the first "hits" made by Lord John was an eloquent speech on Foreign Treaties, which immediately gave him a high place among Parliamentary orators. At the time of the popular outbreaks in 1817 Lord Russell urged that, instead of adopting harsh measures, timely concessions ought to be made to the people; but his advice was not followed by the Government. He threw his whole soul into the cause of Parliamentary Reform, and came at length to be the recognized leader in the movement. He was a strong advocate of Catholic Emancipation, and an opponent of Test and Corporation oaths. When Wellesley—the Duke of Wellington—came into power, in 1828, Lord Russell saw his long-cherished projects carried into execution. Then came the excitement about the Reform Bill, in 1832. Then it was that Lord John Russell arrived at the zenith of his glory.

During Lord Melbourne's Administration Lord Russell became Home Secretary, and from 1835 to 1841 was the guiding spirit of the Whig party. He succeeded Sir Robert Peel as Prime Minister, and remained at the helm until 1851. As often happens, Lord Russell while in office became more conservative and cautious; many of his supporters, and even Lord Palmerston, fell away from him; and in 1852 Lord Derby came into power. In 1859, under Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell became Minister of Foreign Affairs. In July, 1861, he was raised to the peerage as Earl Russell.

Earl Russell has proved a very prudent, if not a very satisfactory Foreign Minister. He has forever been protesting and menacing, but has always failed to follow up his protests or menaces with any efficient action; and although by his caution he has kept England out of hot water during three important wars, the English people would have been better satisfied if he had said less and made fewer angry expostulations. We give elsewhere a resumé of the recent correspondence between Earl Russell and Mr. Charles Francis Adams, in relation to claims made by our Government upon England for injuries done by Anglo-Rebel privateers during the rebellion.

HON. CHARLES F. ADAMS.—[Photographed by Brady.]

EARL RUSSELL.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

CLOSE OF THE THIRTY-FIRST VOLUME.

THE Thirty-first Volume of HARPER'S MAGAZINE closes with the NOVEMBER NUMBER. Among the prominent features of this Volume are the Novels by the two foremost writers of fiction of the time—CHARLES DICKENS and WILKIE COLLINS; Personal Sketches of the prominent Generals in the Union Army; and descriptions, by Mr. J. ROSS BROWNE, of the Mineral Regions of the Pacific. The "Monthly Record of Current Events" narrates succinctly the closing scenes of the War, and the steps taken for the Restoration of the Union.

Each Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from fifty to one hundred per cent. more matter than any other American Magazine issued at the same price; and nearly double the quantity contained in the popular British Magazines, such as the "Cornhill," "Temple Bar," and "London Society;" and seventy-five per cent. more than the half-crown British Magazines, such as "Blackwood," "Fraser," and the "Dublin University."

Mr. J. ROSS BROWNE will continue the illustrated narrative of his Journeys and Adventures in Nevada, Idahoe, Salt Lake City, and other parts of the Far West.

Ample arrangements have been made for the ensuing Volume with old and new Contributors in every department of the Magazine. For Terms, etc., see page 719.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1865.

THE BRITISH CORRESPONDENCE.

WE print elsewhere a full and clear abstract of the late correspondence between Mr. ADAMS, our Minister in England, and Earl RUSSELL, the British Foreign Secretary. It is of the greatest interest and importance, and fully displays the skill of both gentlemen. But the candid reader, of whatever sympathy, will scarcely deny that Mr. ADAMS has the strongest case, and that he presents it most strongly. Indeed his part in this correspondence is the crowning labor of a most honorable, sagacious, and arduous public service rendered at a time of unprecedented national peril, and requiring not only the most various ability and preparation, but the most fortunate temperament. In this, as in every official act, Mr. ADAMS is a master. Calm, dignified, exhaustive, and forcible, his letters are free from mere rhetoric or bluster or sentimentality, but a true American heart beats in every line. He clearly exposes every sophism and corrects every misrepresentation of his antagonist, and courteously tears away every disguise in which Lord RUSSELL seeks to conceal his conduct during the war. To every duty of his difficult and delicate position Mr. ADAMS has been fully equal, and has not only preserved unimpaired, but he has graced with fresh lustre the honorable traditions of his name.

The point in dispute is plain. It is the duty and responsibility of neutrals. What is the object of neutrality and of neutrality laws? Obviously to give no voluntary aid to either party, and to prevent by penalties the giving of such aid. Now when a Government is shown that neutrality is not practiced by its subjects, and when the evidence is overwhelming that its laws to secure neutrality are insufficient, what does an honestly neutral Government do? Can it honorably do more than one thing? Will it not secure neutrality by additional legal precautions? This was what the United States did at the request of Portugal nearly fifty years ago, and this was precisely what the British Government refused to do at the suggestion of the United States. Lord PALMERSTON said in the House of Commons that Ministers would certainly not revise or amend the laws of the realm at the dictation of foreign Governments.

There can be no fact more fully proved than that the *Alabama* would not have escaped if ordinary care had been taken. But did not the circumstances demand extraordinary care? The British Government, indeed, were not compelled to sharpen the edge of the law at our request, but it was unfriendly not to do so. It was especially unfriendly, because in the case of the *Grand Admiral*, during the Russian war, our Government had shown itself peculiarly sensitive to guard its neutrality in the interest of Great Britain. This was so undisputed that "Historicus," in one of his earliest letters to the London *Times*, insisted absolutely upon the exclusion of the *Alabama* and *Florida* from British ports, because of the generous conduct of our Government in similar cases.

Neither ordinary nor extraordinary care was taken. Earl RUSSELL pleaded somebody's stomach-ache as a reason for not seizing the *Alabama*, and she ran quietly out of an English port and began to burn American ships. Thus the British law was shown to be insufficient to secure British neutrality. The Government declined to ask for any change in it. Even the law as it stood was not faithfully executed, and now Earl RUSSELL says:

> "Her Majesty's Government are the sole guardians of their own honor. They can not admit they have acted with bad faith in maintaining the neutrality they professed. The law officers of the Crown must be held to be better interpreters of a British statute than any foreign Government can be presumed to be. Her Majesty's Government must, therefore, decline to make reparation and compensation for captures made by the *Alabama* or to refer the question to any foreign State."

Lord RUSSELL subsequently speaks of a Commission to adjust all claims arising during the war; but only such claims as the two Powers shall agree to refer to the Commissioners, but he had just said in effect that Great Britain would not refer those against the *Alabama*; and the *Times* officially repeats the statement.

British neutrality, under the present British laws, swept United States commerce from the ocean. The chief offender was the *Alabama*, and the British Government declares that no reparation or compensation for her ravages will be made. It is a simple case of international law. If the United States Government decides, upon a full review of the facts, that Great Britain has failed in her duty, it will unquestionably, after proposing an amicable settlement, redress the wrong as it best can.

THE SIMPLE QUESTION.

THE States of New York and New Jersey will say on the Seventh of November whether they believe the war to be a failure or a success, and whether the Emancipation Amendment, the cardinal point of President JOHNSON'S policy, shall prevail. The Democratic Legislature of New Jersey rejected the Amendment as it refused to allow soldiers to vote. The orators of the Democratic party in New York are such gentlemen as Mr. COX, who voted against the Amendment in Congress, and Mr. SEYMOUR, who publicly declared that if the Union could not be preserved without emancipation the Union ought to be dissolved.

Is there any reason why a loyal citizen who has faithfully and steadily supported the war should withdraw his sympathy from the men who have supported it with him, and turn for fellowship to those who exhausted every effort to dishearten the country and compel an ignominious surrender to rebellion, and who stealthily solicited British interference to settle the war?

This is the simple question offered to the people of the States of New York and New Jersey. In the latter State the open opposition of Mr. RUNYON, the Democratic candidate for Governor, to the President's policy, and the fact that he is supported by those who were open allies of the rebellion should, even in that State, secure his defeat. As usual, the true men of New Jersey are working with untiring zeal, and their prospects were never so promising. But whatever the result, the true Jersey blues will never sleep until their State is released from the remorseless hold of a party which repudiates American principles and clings to injustice.

In New York the question is not less simple. If the platforms are similar, the voter will ask himself what are the antecedents and character and probable intentions of both parties. Has the Democratic party been the faithful friend and supporter of the country during the war, or has it been virtually its enemy? Has the Union party faltered in the war, or does it show any incapacity under the leadership of the President whom it elected to deal with the great problem of reorganization? Which of the two is the more likely to yield every point to the late rebels? For the success of which do the late rebels most earnestly pray?

OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

THE most curious fact of the day is the weakness of foreign exchange in view of the preponderance of our imports over our exports. For the first ten months of the calendar year our exports of produce and merchandise were valued at $126,400,000 in currency, equal to say $86,500,000 in gold; add $25,100,000 for exports of specie, and the aggregate shipments from this port—which is a fair criterion of the whole country, 75 per cent. of both the import and export trade being done here—amount to $111,600,000 in specie. On the other hand, the importation of foreign goods at this port for the same ten months amounts to $168,500,000 in specie. Notwithstanding which, the best banker's bills are selling @ 108¼ @ 108⅜, that is to say, at a discount of nearly or quite one per cent.

Merchants and bankers of experience, noting the active inquiry for foreign goods, the profits of importers, and the steadily increasing importations, on the one hand; and on the other, the speculation in breadstuffs at the West, which has caused over two million bushels of wheat to be hoarded this season at Chicago, and which at the present time would probably render it profitable to import wheat from the Baltic or from Liverpool, have looked for an active demand for exchange, an advance in gold, large specie shipments, and a drain upon our specie resources which would seriously impede the efforts of the Government to restore the currency to a specie standard.

The failure of those calculations is in great measure due to the enormous exportation of American securities to Europe. No record, unfortunately, is kept of this class of exports; it is only by private inquiry at the foreign bankers, and by a careful digestion of the reports thus obtained, that an estimate can be formed of the volume of this traffic. It is known that over a million (perhaps very much over) of Five-Twenty Bonds go abroad every week. It is also known that the great bulk of the stock of the Illinois Central has gone abroad. And it is reported by the Directors of the Erie Railway that within a fortnight over $2,000,000 of the stock of that concern has gone to England, swelling the foreign holding to $11,000,000 out of $16,400,000. These exports, which are not cleared at the custom-house and appear in no trade tables, nevertheless furnish a large amount of exchange, and supply the place of specie.

But a still more potent agency in keeping down the rate of exchange has been the withdrawal from Europe of moneys sent thither during the rebellion by people who had lost faith in the national cause. No estimate worth printing can be formed of the amount of money transmitted to England by Americans or residents in the United States during the years 1863 and 1864. All that can be said is, that it must have been very large indeed. There was hardly a merchant or a banker in this city who did not place at least a portion of his capital on the other side. Quite a considerable number of the leading men of Wall and South streets bought gold at 200 and upward to the extent of their means, and transmitted it to London. Others put half their capital in gold and sent it out. The Kentucky banks sent their entire means to London. Leading private bankers in New York did not reserve currency enough to buy a potato; when they wanted money they borrowed on the security of their bills on London. These people were not only convinced that the currency was going to the dogs, but, led by the teaching of Democratic speakers and newspapers, lived in the daily dread of decrees of confiscation, and burned to get their money out of the reach of "ABRAHAM'S satraps."

They are now enjoying their reward. There has been no confiscation. No satrap has appeared in Wall Street in chase of hidden gold. The Chairman of the National Democratic Committee has not been subjected to the thumbscrews by Mr. SEWARD'S janissaries thirsting for the ROTHSCHILDS' bullion. The friends of British Consul ARCHIBALD, who declared they could not sleep with greenbacks in their possession, so convinced were they that some morning they would wake up and find them worthless, have not yet been despoiled.

But all these several classes of people have now the satisfaction of drawing back from England the gold they sent thither at an average loss of fifty or sixty points. Messrs. A, B, and C, the smartest of our English merchants, Messrs. D, E, and F, eminent German bankers, Messrs. G, H, and I, French importers (and for that matter, so on throughout the alphabet of our foreign merchants and bankers), are re-importing at 146 the gold they sent to Europe at 200 @ 250. They are making an operation which they can not help, but one which, nevertheless, they will not hereafter recall without some private grinding of teeth. It must console them to reflect that unwittingly they are rendering a great help to this country by keeping down the rate of exchange.

A WORD WITH THE SOLDIERS.

UPON another page we present the true defenders of the Constitution as contrasted with those who claim to be its especial friends. "The Democratic party," cried Mr. S. S. COX at Brooklyn the other evening, "is the true and only Union party of the country." This is the same gentleman who declared in Chicago that "LINCOLN was no better than JEFF DAVIS." Mr. COX and his friends of the "only Union party" had just declared the war a failure, and exhorted the country to make the best terms it could. HORATIO SEYMOUR, the previous year, was sneering at "the promised victories" of the Fourth of July, at the very moment when hundreds and thousands of the true defenders of the Constitution were falling wounded and dead at Gettysburg, and Vicksburg was surrendering to GRANT. While the soldiers were dying on the field Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR was openly instigating the riot and massacre which ten days afterward raged in the city of New York, and the frenzied, bloody perpetrators the same Mr. SEYMOUR, as Governor of the State, called "my friends."

These are the gentlemen who now wish to persuade the soldiers that they are the true and only Union party. The soldiers do not forget that it was the party of Mr. SEYMOUR and Mr. COX which tried to deprive them of their votes. It was the party of these gentlemen which voted against the military necessity of emancipation. It was their party which unanimously declared that we were whipped. It was their party whose members derided the Union soldiers as "Bull Runners."

Do these gentlemen suppose that the soldiers of New York have forgotten who were the true defenders of the Constitution and Union? Do they suppose them to have forgotten such scenes as that depicted upon page 712 of this paper? Do they hope the soldiers have forgotten their dead comrades any more than the living cause which the dead and the living soldiers together have saved for us all? Or do they hope by hiding behind the figure of a General to conceal themselves and their history? If they do, we believe with General BARLOW, who expresses the utmost respect for the character and services of General SLOCUM, but who adds: "I do not believe, fellow-citizens, that those soldiers of New York who followed him so gallantly when he was marching against the enemy will follow him now that he is marching against their friends.........I have seen your sons die for their country. They struggled, they fought, they died, and they were conquerors. Their glory, the trophies, and the treasures they have won, they have left to your care. Those trophies will not let you sleep. You, too, I have firm faith, will watch and struggle and fight; and I believe you, too, will be conquerors."

Soldiers of New York! was it HORATIO SEYMOUR and his confederates at Chicago and Albany, the villifiers of LINCOLN and JOHNSON, or your comrades in the field, who were the true defenders of the Constitution?

CROTON WATER.

THE Commissioners of this Department have at last made their selection of the ground for the first reservoir for storing water to be supplied to the Croton dam at such periods as the stage of water may require. The place selected is about one mile west of Brewster's Station on the Harlem Railroad, on the middle branch of the Croton, and about three miles above the station at Croton Falls. Its distance from this city, measured on the line of the aqueduct and river, is about 58 miles. It is 18 miles above the dam, and is seated at an elevation of 375 feet above mean tide. The area of this new reservoir is computed at 452 acres and a fraction, capable of holding 4,861,035,136 gallons, supplied from a drainage area of between 20 and 21 square miles. The length of the reservoir will be 12,200 feet, of the extreme depth of 73 feet. These details may be somewhat varied in the course of construction, but they present substantially the main points of the reservoir. Arrangements are now in progress for securing all the land required and for commencing the work.

A recent inspection of the situation enables us to say that a reservoir may be built at this spot with but little cost, as the river is inclosed between high hills which at the point selected for the dam approach so near to each other that the length of the dam will not exceed 541 feet. Above the dam the hills widen so as to present a broad but compact area, at present but thinly occupied, affording advantages for purchase at reasonable rates, and for storing pure water not surpassed by any of the locations examined for this object.

The city may well be congratulated that this important work, delayed until now by questions between contending Commissioners, will soon be so far completed as to furnish an ample supply of water to make up the deficiency found to exist in periods of drought. Locations have been surveyed for 15 other dams, covering in the whole an area of over 4000 acres, which as the city increases in population will be required in whole or in part for future use. In the important matter of the supply of pure water no large city in the world has advantages superior to those of New York. The elevated lands, consisting chiefly of the primary system in which the Croton rises, extend to the centre of the island, so that water may be furnished throughout most of our houses under pressure, its waste constituting the power or carrier for removing the refuse from dwellings. At some future time the question will be mooted here, as it lately has been in London, whether or not the material thus removed shall be saved for purposes of agriculture; but so long as we possess a great body of unexhausted lands, it will be considered unnecessary to save what our sewers now carry to the East and North rivers.

The question will also arise at no distant day, whether or not an additional aqueduct shall be constructed, inasmuch as the one now in use delivers only 60,000,000 gallons of water per diem. But when we consider that the supply to London does not much exceed 12 gallons to each inhabitant, and that every one here can be furnished with 60 gallons per day—assuming the population to amount to 1,000,000 in number—the question in this view is not likely to arise immediately; but there are other uses for water which may hasten the construction of a new aqueduct. We have lately seen that in New Haven a machine constructed in Hartford has been used for driving printing-presses and other machinery, the power being the water from the New Haven water-works, supplied through an inch pipe, and applied in a manner so simple as to afford a means of industry so safe and economical that its use would become very extensive if there were a considerable surplus of water. The iron casing which incloses the machine is but little more than an enlargement of the water pipe, through which water flows discharging itself into another pipe and thence flowing to the sewer. Sewing machines, 60 or 70 in number, are worked together by means of this simple contrivance, which needs only to be oiled to be ready for constant use.

Our manufacturing, and especially our domestic industry, might be considerably extended by such means; but the important want of the wa-

ter is for all household purposes and for putting out fires, in which respect our supply will be unexcelled.

The London *Times* lately devoted an article to an examination of the relative merits and capacity for growth of various cities of the United States, in which the city of New York was allowed only an inferior relative position. All the main points which give to New York her great eminence were entirely overlooked. The supply of pure water would not alone be deemed of controlling importance; but Paris and London are both suffering for the want of this necessity to comfort and health—a want which must limit the growth of each of those cities—whereas the drainage area of the Croton, consisting of 338 square miles, is ample (the water properly stored) for all the population that can be crowded on the island and its adjacent lands in Westchester. Soon the Bronx will be brought into use for the supply of the lower part of Westchester, as its waters can be stored at Bronxville at an elevation of 70 feet above tide; thus relieving the Croton of that duty and placing the question of a supply to New York beyond all the contingencies of growth and extravagance in use. When we connect with this the eminent advantages of immediate contact with the sea for the largest ships; of convenient contact with Canada and the boundless West—first with a tidal stream of 160 miles length, and next with favorable valleys for improvements already existing, and to be furnished as trade increases—we have a future for New York which no city of the world can compare with. Washington, who was bred an engineer, saw at a glance, when stationed in the Mohawk Valley, the power which would be contributed to this city by means of that continuation of the opening to the West, while the residue of the Atlantic sea-board was separated from it by intervening mountains, and he made investments in land in the valley the title to which now is derived from his ancient conveyances.

Years ago Mr. Seward referred to the prophecies made by Washington of the uses to which these natural advantages might be applied; and if we shall have from Buffalo to Albany, in an enlargement of the canal, a Mississippi of the North, it will be but carrying out the keen perceptions which enabled Washington, in the midst of the revolution, to see at the confluence of the Hudson with the waters of the ocean a mighty city, destined, we believe, to surpass all others in the world.

BUYING IN CANADA.

It is becoming pretty generally known that the place to buy clothes and food is Canada. A coat, costing $75 in New York, can be got in Montreal or Toronto for $30 in gold, say $44 in currency; a suit, worth $100 here, can be got there for $45, say $67 in our money; boots, worth $16 here, can be had there for $7, say $10 of our money; and meat, poultry, and all kinds of produce can be had there at 25 @ 33 per cent. cheaper than here. The wild speculation in produce and merchandise which has so long prevailed here, and has carried every thing to far higher relative figures than gold, has not yet penetrated Canada, and smart men are making their purchases for the winter in the colonial towns. In the little village of Windsor, opposite Detroit, no less than eight large clothing stores have lately been established, and are doing a large business.

The fact—which, as we explained a couple of weeks since, may in part be ascribed to the dread of currency contraction, which prevents the free employment of capital in industry—may perhaps operate in favor of at least a temporary continuance of the Reciprocity treaty.

THE CITY'S NEXT GUEST.

There is little doubt that the cholera has appeared in England, and that it will be here in the early spring. It was raging in Madrid at the last accounts, and is supposed to be more deadly in Paris than is reported. We have thus had timely notice. We shall have had a year to set our house in order. Whether it be in order any one can see and smell for himself.

The Health Commissioners, at a late meeting, seriously addressed themselves to this subject, and appointed a committee, composed of Mayor Cleveland, of Jersey City, and of the Health Officers of Brooklyn and New York, with the resident physician of New York, to apply to the National Government for a suitable site to detain cholera patients and passengers arriving at this port. Dr. Swinburne, our Health Officer, is of opinion that if fifty acres can be obtained and stockaded at Sandy Hook no danger need be apprehended. Dr. Sayre, the resident physician, says that a little common-sense will prevent all danger. Any one who feels the usual cholera symptoms should go to bed and lie there for forty-eight hours. Rest, warmth, composure of mind, and regular habits he considers to be the true means of preventing or curing the disease.

Undoubtedly the disease is much better understood than it was when it first appeared, but apparently no precautions will entirely prevent it. The best opinion is, that it is primarily an affection or taint of the atmosphere, which seizes upon favorable bodily conditions. Universal purification would therefore seem to be the natural and sensible remedy. The first point should be the sanitary condition of the city. What candidate for Mayor will promise to clean the city as it never was known to be cleaned before—to take care that the tenant-houses are purified and kept pure? Who is the Hercules who will turn the river through the Augean stable in which we live? Let that be a test question in deciding upon candidates. Let the people insist in public meetings and the papers, and by private effort and remonstrance, that some part of the millions of dollars which they pay for the care of the city shall be spent for that purpose, and shall not be eaten up by the rats of the City Hall; and let them organize private committees of relief and prevention.

It is not to save taxation—it is to save their lives that the tax-payers should now, in the early winter, take the matter in hand. Cholera in the slums of Greenwich and West streets, in Mackerelville and along the North River, is cholera in the Fifth Avenue and in every hotel. The civic authorities will present Death with the freedom of the city, and the widows and orphans will be ground to pay his bills, if the people merely look on passively and "guess something will be done about it."

DEATH OF LORD PALMERSTON.

The tough old British statesman died on the 18th of October, just as he had completed his eighty-first year. In him England loses its most representative man—not its greatest man, not its wisest thinker, not its shrewdest statesman, but the Englishman who most fully represented the average character of his countrymen. The most popular of modern British politicians, he alone was able to hold together in one Government men of liberal and conservative tendencies, and men of no serious convictions whatever.

For sixty years he had been in office, and such was his peculiar ascendancy that there was a general feeling that nothing would change in England while Palmerston lived and was at the head of affairs. He was a man of invincible good-nature, tact, and plausibility, and with a wide and personal knowledge of political history and men. But his plan was the plan of Metternich. He sought to maintain the actual condition, the *statu quo*: Let us live while we may, and after us the deluge.

Lord Russell will probably be his successor. He is now seventy-three years old; and he, too, is old in public life, having entered Parliament in 1813. It is hardly possible that grave changes in British politics can now be long delayed. Earl Russell is a Whig, but an old-fashioned Whig, not a modern Liberal, which is the party of the future. The destinies of the British empire must soon be intrusted to newer men, of whom Gladstone is probably the representative—men who more truly understand the inevitable necessities of the time than either Palmerston or Russell.

IN CASE OF ACCIDENT.

A passenger writes to the papers that the Pavonia ferry-boat *Susquehanna* lately ran into the ferry-boat *Hoboken*, demolishing about thirty-five feet of the gentlemen's cabin. He asks that public attention be called to the fact that the pilots of both these lines are in the habit of racing and endangering the lives of thousands of their passengers.

Let us suggest a very simple remedy. Whenever there is evidently racing upon either boat let a committee of the passengers quietly see that the pilot does not leave the boat until a complaint is made before a justice and the offender is arrested and examined. If the passengers will give themselves a little trouble of this kind they may save themselves very serious disasters. It is very clear that nothing but the penalty of the law, as severe as it can be made, will secure even tolerable security upon public conveyances; and nobody will stir in the matter if passengers do not.

MARTIN GROVER.

The Angelica *Reporter*, in this State, has a long exposition of the political career of Mr. Martin Grover. As Mr. Horatio Seymour and Mr. John A. Green invite the people to vote for Mr. Grover it is important to look at the record.

He entered upon political life in 1833 as a high-Anti-Mason. In 1834 he became a Whig. In 1838 he became a Democrat. In 1844 he supported the Wilmot proviso. In 1848 he became a Buffalo Free Soiler. In 1853 he became a pro-slavery Hunker. In 1856 he became a Fremont Republican. In 1860 he voted for Mr. Lincoln. The war began. Mr. Grover had no word of cheer for the cause or the soldiers. He denounced as unjust and unconstitutional the law making greenbacks a legal tender, complaining that it reduced the value of his salary as Judge. He ridiculed the President. He called the soldiers "Bull Runners." He sneered at the employment of colored troops. He excused the Fort Pillow massacre as a just retaliation, and asserted that the rebel treatment of our prisoners was as good as our treatment of the rebels. In 1864 he voted for Horatio Seymour, and cast a Lincoln electoral ticket with all the electors' names crossed off. In 1865 he was nominated for Judge of Appeals by the Rump of the Chicago Convention at Albany.

Following the tradition that Mr. Grover was a loyal man and not a Copperhead, we spoke of him some time since as stolen from the Union party. But we confess our error. We should have known the enemy better. They touch no man of whom they are not sure. Whatever a candidate's antecedents may be, and however strong may be personal feeling, the only safety is in distrust of every Copperhead nomination, and in voting the pure and simple Union ticket.

WHO ARE OUR ENGLISH FRIENDS?

We have little fear that the British Government will push to extremes its present difference with the United States, which we discuss elsewhere. Great Britain has no wish to go to war. She will consult the feeling of her people; for in this day it is really the people, not kings and lords, who determine questions of peace and war, and we can learn from Sir Morton Peto what the British people are likely to say. He said last week in a speech in New York:

"I remember in the House of Commons when a vote of sympathy for the South was introduced, and I remember how it was refused. You always had the talent of the House of Commons with you, and I must tell you that seven-tenths of the English people were heart and soul with the North. [Cheers.] In Yorkshire and Lancashire there were 600,000 cotton operatives starving because of your war, and if you had asked for a Southern meeting a mob would have driven you away. They held meetings and passed resolutions of sympathy with the North, but never for the South. [Cheers.] The House of Commons were with you, the people were with you; they were all with you. I must tell you that there were no more Southern sympathizers in London, considering the population, than there were in New York. [Loud cheers and laughter.] I think I need say no more of the attitude of my country. If we had been together more we would have understood one another a great deal better."

POLITICAL POLITENESS.

The *World*, which was so in love last year with "the strangely mature statesmanship" of the Chicago candidate, and which now professes an equally overpowering delight with the acts and policy of the President, whom in the spring it described as "vulgar, low-bred, and boorish," and as "the author of this infamous outrage upon American law and American liberty," illustrates its conception of the amenity of politics by describing a violent assault upon President Johnson's Secretary of State as "*The scraping of the old sow* Seward."

We challenge the production of any parallel to the scurrility of the New York *World* in speaking of Andrew Johnson and Mr. Seward, except in the rebel journals early in the war, which described President Lincoln as a gorilla and a drunken ape.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

In the Mississippi Legislature—the first assembled under the new *régime* of President Johnson—there is in the Senate, at least, a majority of those who were at first opposed to the rebellion. Governor Sharkey has, in the Senate, a full support. A resolution offered by Mr. Taylor to the effect that the Senators of the State would support no man for the United States Senate who is in favor of granting to manumitted slaves any rights civil, political, or social, beyond those given to the same persons when slaves, was directly aimed against the Governor, but was tabled by a vote of 21 to 8. The Speaker of the House is General Gholson, whose empty sleeve reminds one vividly of his action in support of rebellion. It seems quite likely that those members of the House who have been most active in the rebellion will most eagerly sustain Governor Sharkey. The first in war are the first in peace. The Governor has been duly elected United States Senator, to fill the seat vacated by Jeff Davis. Mr. J. L. Alcorn has been elected to the Senate for the long term.

The Georgia State Convention met at Milledgeville October 25. Over 270 delegates were present. Herschel V. Johnson was elected President. Governor Johnson's message stated that the debt of the State was $20,813,525, of which only $2,667,750 was contracted before the war. Only the latter he thought had any legal or moral obligation. President Johnson has, as in the case of North Carolina, insisted upon the repudiation by Georgia of her rebel debt. The Convention has repealed the secession ordinance and passed ordinances redistricting the State into seven Congressional districts, and appointing the 15th of November as the time for holding an election for Governor and members of Congress and the Legislature. A committee of five has been appointed to memorialize President Johnson for the release of Jeff Davis and all other rebels now held as prisoners. A section has been introduced into the Constitution which abolishes slavery, with a proviso that the acquiescence in emancipation shall be no estoppel to future claims for compensation. It is thought that Joseph Brown will run for Governor.

EXPLOSION ON THE "ST. JOHN."

On Sunday morning, October 29, a distressing catastrophe occurred opposite Thirtieth Street, on the North River. The larboard boiler of the large river steamer *St. John*, which left Albany on Saturday evening about eight o'clock, when the vessel was within a mile or two of her landing, exploded, killing nine persons almost instantly, injuring two others so badly that they died during the afternoon, and seriously, if not fatally, injuring fifteen others. The Hoboken ferry-boat *Morristown*, which was at the time of the dreadful occurrence crossing to New York, was immediately headed for the scene of disaster and rendered valuable service, taking off a large number of the passengers of the *St. John* and landing them safely in this city.

THE NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

President Johnson, on the 28th of October, issued a proclamation appointing the first Thursday of December as a day of National Thanksgiving to the Creator of the Universe for the great and glorious deliverance of our nation from the scourge of civil war, and for our preservation from the calamities of foreign war, pestilence, and famine. This appointment is peculiarly appropriate, and we hope it will prove a precedent for making our yearly Thanksgiving a National instead of a State festival.

NEWS ITEMS.

It will be gratifying to our city readers to learn that the police of the city have for some time past, in accordance with instructions, been engaged in collecting facts, of which they have accumulated a great mass, in regard to the present condition of our streets, and the result is said to be that many of the streets are shown to be in a very uncleanly condition. As a consequence of this complaints have been preferred against the present street-cleaning contractors.

Official orders have been issued for a further reduction of our national army by the disbandment of fifty-four regiments, consisting of organizations of both white and colored troops, in addition to those heretofore announced.

The steamship *Victor*, from this port on the 21st October for New Orleans, was towed into Hampton Roads on the 29th by the *Alabama*, having encountered a terrific gale from the 24th to the 27th, and become completely disabled.

On the 21st of October an Italian committee of New York residents presented to President Johnson a petition sent to Professor A. Magni by the committee in Milan, in behalf of Jeff Davis. Among the signers was General Garibaldi.

The steamship *Republic*, which left this port for New Orleans on the 18th October, carrying, besides her officers and crew, about fifty passengers, was wrecked on the coast of Georgia October 25, and of all those on board only seventeen, who reached Charleston in one of the ship's boats, are known to be saved.

It is stated that Mr. M'Pherson, Clerk of the House of Representatives, states his intention of not including on the roll of members to be called at the opening of the session any representatives from States which have been in rebellion. This is in accordance with several precedents established during the war.

Lieutenant-General Grant's official report for the years 1864 and 1865, covering the active and stirring operations in the campaign which ended with the complete suppression of the rebellion, has been completed, and will soon be sent to the War Department.

The delegates to the Alabama Convention have memorialized the President to order a speedy trial of Clement C. Clay, of their State, who was one of the reputed rebel agents in Canada during the war, and who was suspected of implication in the plot which resulted in the assassination of President Lincoln.

Hon. Freeman Clarke, Controller of the Currency, has written a reply to the card of Governor Pierpont, in which the latter denies that he ever asserted that the people of the South would not submit to be taxed to pay the national debt. Mr. Clarke unqualifiedly asserts that he did express such sentiments, and that, too, in indecent, ungentlemanly language; and that he thereupon ordered him to leave his office. Mr. Clarke supports his statement with the affidavit of Mr. Charles D. Smith, brother of Judge Smith of the New York Supreme Court, who was present and heard the whole conversation.

Richmond papers state that the ring which was stolen from the body of Colonel Dahlgren by cutting off the finger has been recovered. It was found in the possession of Dr. Saunders, at Loretta, Essex County.

On the 27th of October Joseph E. Worcester, author of the Dictionary, died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, aged eighty-one years.

It appears from private intelligence from North Carolina that not more than two of the candidates for Congress in that State, if elected, can take the prescribed oath that they have never voluntarily aided the rebellion.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The absorbing topic in our English news is the Adams-Russell correspondence, of which we give a resumé on page 710. The English papers are full of comments and suggestions on this topic. Some of them, like the London *Star*, declare that our claims upon England are perfectly just. Other journals are frightened at the prospect that England may at some future period suffer more loss from American neutrality (based upon the new British model) than she would by paying many times over the indemnity which we ask. This sentiment may force Earl Russell to do what he has done so many times during the last few years, namely, recede from a position too hastily and too boldly assumed.

A report of the French Emperor, signed by Drouyn de Lhuys and Armand Behic, suggests that the importers of cholera into Egypt, and its chief diffusers through the East and thence westward to Europe, are the pilgrims returning from Mecca and Djeddah. At the last feast of Beiram there was an unusual number of pilgrims—200,000—collected at Mecca, and they left on the ground the offal of more than a million slaughtered sheep and camels. This caused among them more sickness than usual, or in the grandiose style of the official report, written in pursuance of what it calls "the inspiration of a precautionary idea," it "developed in exceptional proportions the conditions of insalubrity which the pilgrims habitually encounter." When the pilgrims came home slowly through the desert there was time for their sick to die or to recover. Now they are brought swiftly by steamboats, and set down yet reeking with fresh pestilence among the peoples they infect. It is proposed, therefore, that there shall be a Diplomatic Conference of all the Powers interested to secure international administration of sanitary laws and arrangements at Djeddah and Suez, the points of arrival and departure of the Mecca pilgrims.

Dr. Chapman has been testing his theory of the application of heat or cold to the spine in some of the cases of cholera at Southampton with very successful results. The disease has broken out at Epping, near London. On the 13th of October 12 cases had occurred, five of which terminated fatally. Nearly all of these cases appear to have originated in one house.

At Marseilles the deaths from cholera during the week ending October 7 were 91. The previous week there were 186 deaths. At Toulon the disease had nearly run its course, but on the return of 1200 who had fled during the panic broke out afresh, though not so violently. The cholera made its first appearance at Madrid on August 15, since which time the daily number of cases, commencing at six or eight, has at length reached a maximum of forty or fifty. October 12 there were 540 cases and 175 deaths. What cholera there is in Paris has been confined almost entirely to the northern quarters. At Gibraltar the death list has reached 470. The only road, long and narrow, that leads from the city of the living to the city of the dead has been but a continued funeral procession morning and evening. The epidemic has left Turkey. In one week only six cases had occurred at Constantinople.

Spain has just been undergoing a lecture from Count Mensdorff, on the part of Austria, on account of its recognition of Italy. Spain declares in return that she has not the material interest which Austria has in opposing Italian unity.

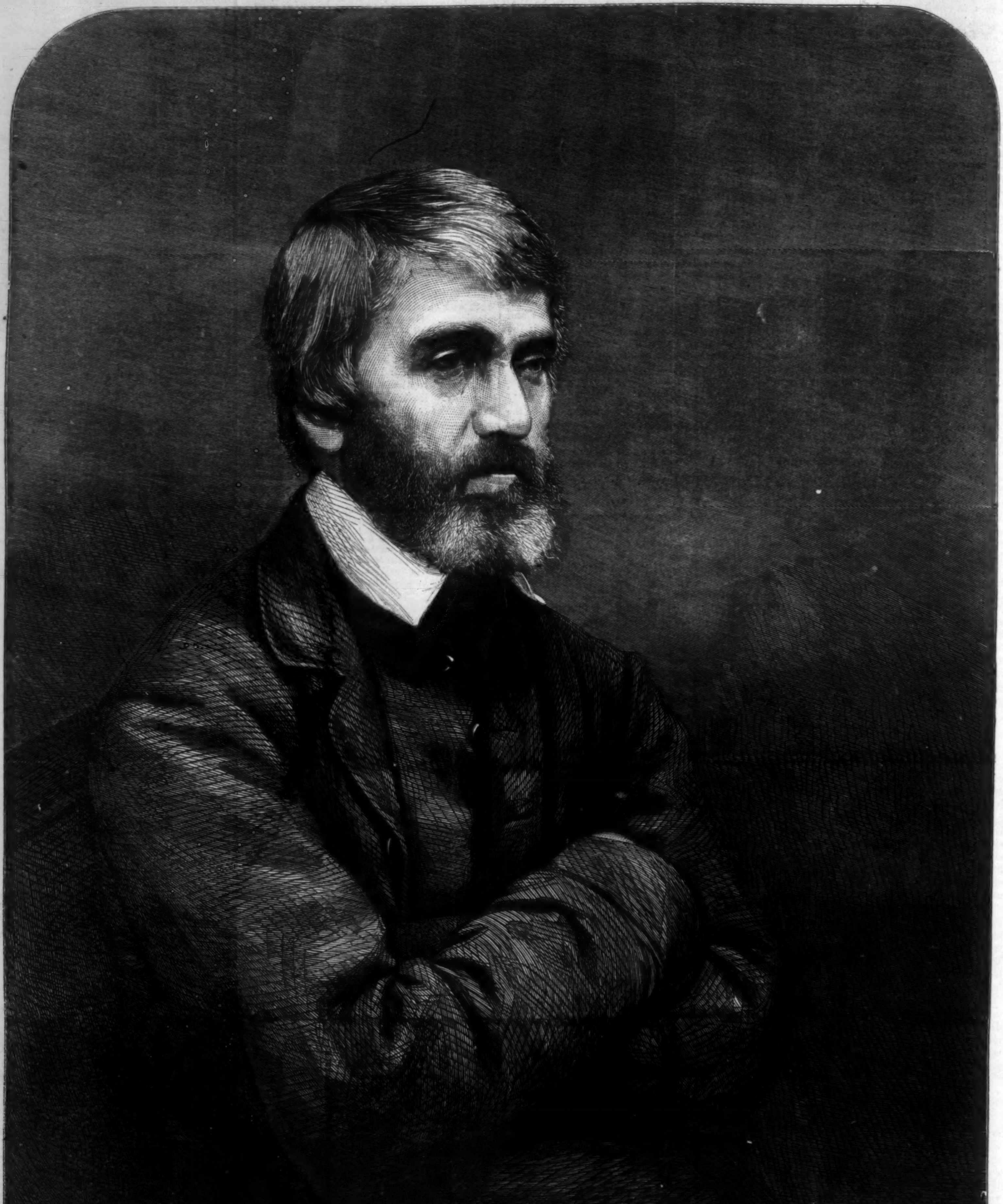
An exciting item of intelligence comes from Calcutta in regard to the wreck of the *Eagle Speed* in the Mutlah River, August 21. The wreck was caused, in the first instance, by gross neglect; it was made total by continued omissions of duty; and the wrecked vessel was abandoned, with nearly three hundred men, women, and children on board, by a sea-worthy steam-tug, itself in no sort of peril, and for none but the most abject and contemptible of reasons. Indignation ran high in Calcutta when the mail left that has brought this news, and stories were current that add to the main narrative horrible details, of which some may not be true. It was said, for example, that a rope to which coolies were hanging was maliciously cut adrift by one of the white crew.

Count Bismark, Prime Minister of Prussia, has been visiting Emperor Napoleon. Friendly relations between Prussia and France are considered to have been insured by this visit.

Lord Lyons, formerly a Minister from England to this country, was expected to reach Constantinople October 7, as the new English Embassador to the Porte.

Advices from Hayti indicate the complete triumph of President Geffrard in the extinction of Salnave's rebellion.

The Halifax papers report a negro insurrection in the eastern part of Jamaica.



THOMAS CARLYLE.

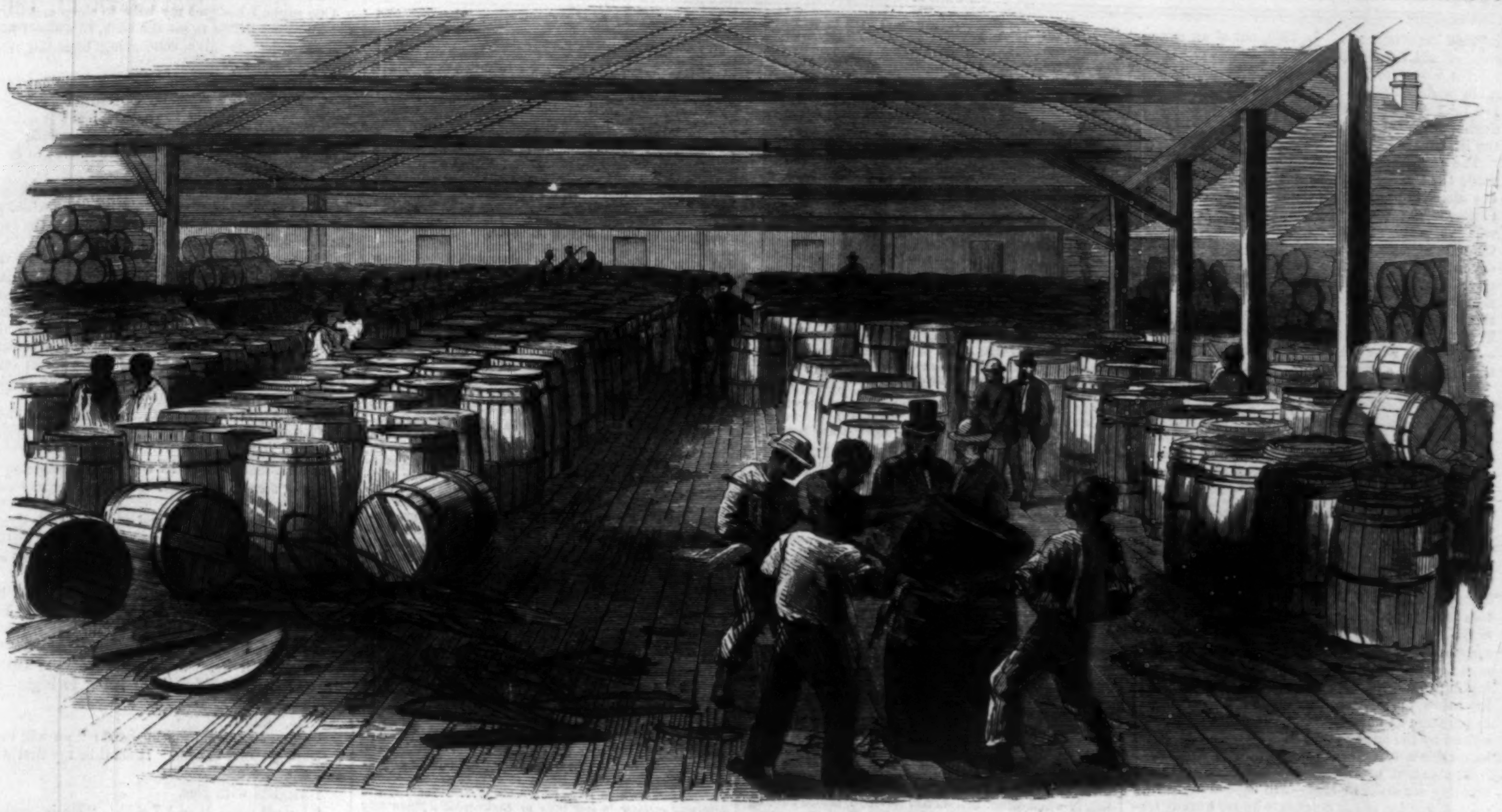
THOMAS CARLYLE.

CARLYLE is now seventy years old. He is the oldest son of a small Scotch farmer of Dumfries-shire, and both his parents are described as persons of peculiar force of character. He was first formally introduced to the American audience by RALPH WALDO EMERSON in 1838, who collected and published CARLYLE's papers from the British Reviews with the consent and aid of the author, who was already EMERSON's friend. The readers of that time will remember how their hearts responded to the words of the editor. "Many readers will find here pages, which, in the scattered anonymous sheets of the British magazines, spoke to their youthful mind with an emphasis that hindered them from sleep. It is a fact worth remembering in our literary history that his rich and cheerful genius found its earliest audience in or near New England from young men who had complained with the first Quaker that, in the multitude of teachers, 'none spoke to their condition.'"

The editor was a correspondent of the author, and had already seen him at Craigenputtock in 1833, when CARLYLE lived upon a small farm of that name in the wildest part of Dumfries-shire. The house was lonely among hills of heather, "surrounded by sea-mews and rough-wooled sheep," CARLYLE writes to GOETHE. At school he had been the bosom friend of EDWARD IRVING, whom, in 1835, CARLYLE called "the best man I have ever found in this world, or now hope to find." From the school at Annan he went to the University of Edinburgh, where he was chiefly eminent in mathematics, but, also, mastered English literature and the foreign languages. He taught for two years in the family of Mr. CHARLES BULLER, intending to be a clergyman; but gradually devoted himself to general literature. His first work was a translation of Legendre's Geometry, prefaced with an essay upon Proportion. Then came the Life of Schiller, written in sinewy and limpid English. Translations of Wilhelm Meister and other German romances followed; and by 1833, when EMERSON found him at Craigenputtock, CARLYLE was a hard-working scholar and author, writing for the Edinburgh Encyclópedia, the Reviews, and the Magazines; and he was then engaged upon the most remarkable work of that period, that vigorous protest against the dilettante tendency of British literature and life, Sartor Resartus.

At this time his visitor describes him as "tall and gaunt, with a cliff-like brow, self-possessed, and holding his extraordinary powers of conversation in easy command; clinging to his northern accent with evident relish; full of lively anecdote, and with a streaming humor which floated every thing he looked upon." Yet already he took despairing satirical views of literature at that time, as the reader will find in Sartor Resartus, which was published serially in *Fraser's Magazine*. The next year, 1834, CARLYLE moved to Chelsea, in the suburbs of London, where he has ever since lived. It was a pleasant neighborhood, but with his grotesque impatience of every thing high-flown, he said in his broadest brogue to an enthusiastic American visitor who one day entered his house overflowing with admiration of the interesting walk from London. "Pretty, was it? Yes, and did ye see the dead dogs?"

In 1837 the History of the French Revolution was published. It is not a history so much as a series of wonderful pictures, yet every essential detail will be found to be preserved in them. The work shows a marvelous power of picturesque description, but it is painful and appalling from its Mephistophilean



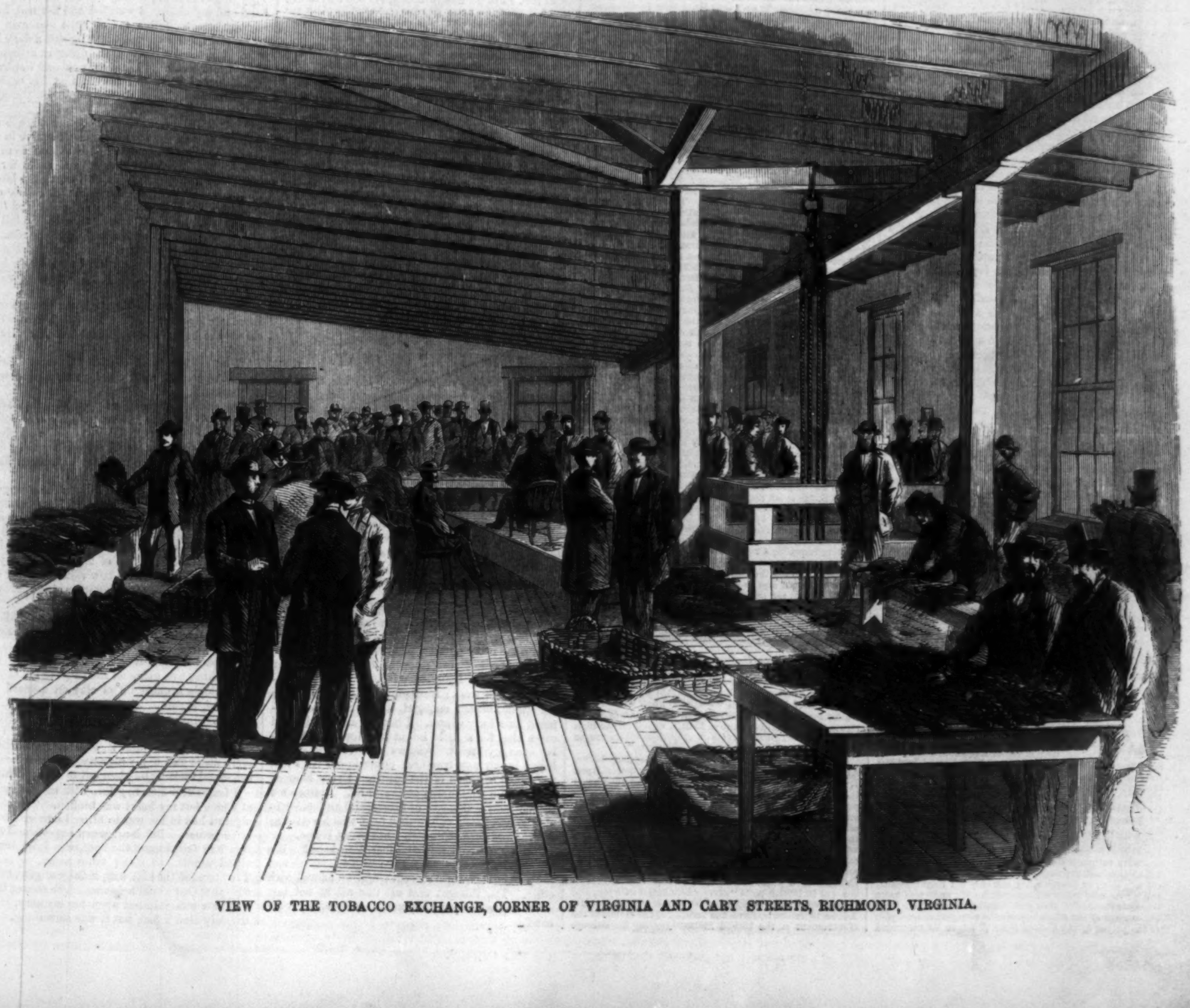
INTERIOR OF THE SEABROOK TOBACCO WAREHOUSE AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

tone, its want of deep and generous human sympathy. From 1837 to 1840 Carlyle delivered lectures in London upon "German Literature," "the History of Literature," "the Revolutions of Modern Europe," and "Heroes and Hero-worship." His style was now entirely changed from the strong and transparent English of the Life of Schiller and the Review of Burns to a powerful and humorous manner, springing apparently from an admiration of the mystic suggestiveness of Richter's works. The sneering and dogmatic tone of the new style indicated an almost misanthropic view of human nature and life; but the thoughtful reader will perhaps recognize in it rather an impatience of the apparently willful discrepancy between the world as man makes it and as he might make it. With this there is an overweening exaltation of brute force, as if a world which chose to be no better was rightfully ruled by clever despots however tyrannical.

In 1839 Carlyle published "Chartism," and soon after "Past and Present." In 1845 he edited Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, and reversed the verdict of Hume and of the British traditions, in the lofty place among honest and capable rulers which he assigned to "Oliver." In 1850 the "Latter Day Pamphlets" were published, a series of brilliant and fierce snarls at the age and the general stupidity of modern man. In 1851 "The Life of John Sterling" showed how still true and tender was the author's heart; and in 1858 the publication of his "Life of Frederick the Great" began, and is just now finished. It is criticised as a revelation of the author's total inability to comprehend true greatness, and a Titanic attempt to elevate mere executive vigor above all human qualities. The style is stormy, truculent, satirical, but full of force, wit, and splendor. No living man has been a more marked literary power than Thomas Carlyle. A terrible iconoclast, he has shattered "shams" on every side, and like all iconoclasts he has valued whatever is genuine for its own sake, often unmindful of its essential deformity. But no modern English or American student and thinker, however he may regret the tornado of wrath and scorn in which the better genius is often astray and confused, will deny the noble and stimulating influence upon his mind and character of Thomas Carlyle.

THE TOBACCO MARKET AT RICHMOND.

We give on this page a sketch, by Mr. Hamilton, of The Seabrook Great Tobacco Warehouse at Richmond, Virginia. Although the growth and sale of this staple in Virginia is just now but a mere mockery of what it was at the outbreak of the war, it is still of sufficient importance to be one of the leading items in the commerce of the State, if not



VIEW OF THE TOBACCO EXCHANGE, CORNER OF VIRGINIA AND CARY STREETS, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

its most important one. In 1860, out of an aggregate of 434,209,461 pounds of tobacco raised in all the States and Territories of the Union, Virginia produced 123,968,312 pounds, and Kentucky 108,126,840 pounds; these two States together producing more than half of the tobacco raised in all the States and Territories put together.

The enormous wealth represented by this staple made the Confederate Government peculiarly jealous about its falling into the hands of the Federal Government; and consequently, when Richmond was evacuated, the tobacco warehouses were among the first edifices to be consigned to the cruel and devouring flames that made a wilderness of that fine city. Three of the largest warehouses were on that fearful occasion utterly destroyed, and with them no fewer than 12,000 hogsheads of tobacco. The Seabrook Warehouse—the subject of this sketch—would also have perished had it not been at the time in use as a Confederate hospital.

This establishment was, by permission of the military authorities, opened to its former legitimate uses on the 28th June by Messrs. SHEPPARD and JETER, Inspectors, and since that date they have already inspected 2830 hogsheads. This interesting establishment is situated at the corner of Grace and Seventeenth streets, and covers a large extent of ground. On the ground-floor are ranged hundreds of hogsheads of the fragrant weed, which are opened at stated periods for the examination of customers. Four laborers are engaged in this process. One strikes the solid compressed mass of tobacco leaves with a hatchet, another thrusts a crow-bar into the opening, and uses it as a lever, while out of the gap a handful of fresh leaves are pulled to give a test of the quality. At the further end of this huge accumulation of hogsheads is seen a small staircase leading to a room above, where, after duly examining below, the merchants and connoisseurs assemble to purchase at auction the various brands that are offered by the auctioneer, perched on the end of the long table covered with samples.

The extent of tobacco culture next year—the planting season is in May—will depend altogether upon the action of the negroes, who are usually represented as very averse to working upon tobacco. It is a delicate plant, requiring the utmost care and attention from the planting of the seed to the prizing of the plant and making it ready for market, and any neglect on the part of the laborers would be most disastrous to any one embarking in its cultivation.

During the war all the counties producing tobacco were entirely given over to corn by order of the Confederate Government; and so rigidly was this order enforced that the writer only saw one field of tobacco during two weeks' ramble through the counties of Goochland, Fluvanna, and Buckingham. It is, however, far too valuable a commodity for Virginians to neglect, and we safely expect that next year we shall see a very large surface of the State replanted with tobacco.

The laborers employed about the Seabrook Warehouse are all colored. There are about twenty-one of them, and the proprietors represent them as all working very cheerfully and faithfully.

THE TOBACCO EXCHANGE, of which we also give an illustration, is situated over the commercial house of NEAL, LEIGH, & Co., at the corner of Cary and Virginia streets, on the way to the old Danville Dépôt. Captain W. Y. SHEPPARD is the auctioneer who conducts all the sales; and the venerable JOHN CASKIE—the oldest man in the trade—sits as permanent chairman or umpire, to decide any questions that may arise regarding the sales. The building represented by our artist is the one at present in use in Richmond for the want of a better, the old Exchange—which was in a fine large building close by—having been destroyed in the great fire.

The mode of proceeding at the Exchange—where a daily sale occurs—is as follows: The hogsheads proposed to be sold on any day are first opened for inspection at the Warehouse, as represented in the sketch, and which is called a "*break*" (from breaking open the hogshead). A bundle is taken from the centre of each hogshead as a sample, and a small label is attached to it, containing the initials of the owner of the tobacco, also a mark by the inspector, to indicate that it has been inspected. A list is then made out, containing the name of each commission merchant to whom the tobacco is intrusted for sale, together with the private mark of each owner. The samples are then taken to the Exchange by the commission merchants, and the list handed to the auctioneer.

At the time of auction the auctioneer calls out each sample in succession; the commission merchant hands in the sample, and as the bidding goes on, it is passed from hand to hand for examination. At the conclusion the buyer takes the sample, and the next on the list is called. Rough though the room is in which they are temporarily assembled, the scene daily presented at the Exchange among these old connoisseurs and habitués of "the weed" is very animating and characteristic.

THE ADAMS AND RUSSELL CORRESPONDENCE.

WE present an abstract of the main points of the correspondence between Mr. Adams and Earl Russell. It covers a space of more than five months, Mr. Adams's first letter being dated April 7, and his closing one September 18.

April 7.—Mr. Adams wrote to Earl Russell setting forth the depredations "committed upon the commerce of the United States by the vessel known in the port of London as the *Sea King*, but since transformed into the *Shenadoah*." He therefore announces that his "*Government can not avoid entailing upon the Government of Great Britain the responsibility of this damage.*" He then alludes to the fact that the British steamer *City of Richmond* has been suffered to transport men and supplies from London to the French-built ram *Olinthe*, subsequently by fraud transformed into the Confederate *Stonewall*. He acknowledges that the British Government has endeavored to put a stop to these outrages, but maintains that "the hostile policy which it has been the object of all this labor to prevent, has not only not been checked, but is even now going into execution with more and more complete success." This policy, being substantially "*the destruction of the whole mercantile navigation belonging to the people of the United States*," has so far succeeded that "*the United States commerce is rapidly vanishing from the face of the ocean, and that of Great Britain is multiplying in nearly the same ratio*," and "*this process is going on by reason of the action of British subjects in co-operation with emissaries of the insurgents*," who have supplied vessels, armaments, and men. There is, says Mr. Adams, in "*the history of the world no parallel case to this of endurance of one nation of injury done to it by another without bringing on the gravest complications*;" and that no such event has followed has been owing to the conviction that the British Government has been animated by no aggressive disposition toward the United States, but has endeavored "to prevent the malevolent operations of many of its subjects."

While doing "full justice to the amicable intentions of Her Majesty's Ministers," Mr. Adams declares his belief that "*practically this evil had its origin* in the first step taken *which can never be regarded by my Government in any other light than as precipitate*, of acknowledging persons as a belligerent Power on the ocean, before they had a single vessel of their own to show floating upon it;" and thus that this Power, as a belligerent upon the ocean, "*was actually created in consequence of this recognition, and not before*;" and all the success which it has attained on the ocean has been owing to British aid; so that "*the Kingdom of Great Britain can not but be regarded as not only having given birth to this naval belligerent, but also of having nursed and maintained it to the present hour.*"

Mr. Adams then goes on to say that whatever may be the validity of the grounds upon which the British Government have hitherto rested their defense against any responsibility for the evils, these are now invalid by the practical reduction of all the ports heretofore held by the insurgents; and that therefore "the President looks with confidence to Her Majesty's Government for an early and effectual removal of all existing causes of complaint on this score," and that the foreign commerce of the United States may be freed "*from annoyance from the injurious acts of any of Her Majesty's subjects, perpetrated under the semblance of belligerent rights.*"

Mr. Adams closes this letter by stating that during the whole war British vessels have had free pratique in the waters of the United States; and says that in the opinion of the President the time has come when the reciprocity in these hospitalities should be restored. The navy of the United States will probably soon be augmented, and he is directed to ask "*as to the reception which these vessels may expect in the ports of the British Kingdom.*"

May 4.—Earl Russell replied to this note of Mr. Adams. He states in the outset that he "*can never admit that the duties of Great Britain toward the United States are to be measured by the losses which the United States have sustained.*" The only question was whether "the Government of Her Majesty have performed faithfully and honestly the duties which international law and their own municipal law imposed upon them."

He then goes on to say that the war, "in the preparation of which Great Britain had no share, caused nothing but detriment to Her Majesty's subjects," who had previously carried on a profitable commerce with the Southern States of the Union. Had there been no war the treaties with the United States would have secured the existence of this lucrative commerce. But the President of the United States proclaimed a blockade of the ports of seven States of the Union; and, argues Earl Russell, "*he could lawfully interrupt the trade of neutrals with the Southern States upon one ground only, namely, that the Southern States were carrying on war against the Government of the United States; in other words, that they were belligerents.*" The British Government must then pursue one of two courses: acknowledge the blockade, and proclaim neutrality; or refuse to acknowledge it, and insist upon the right of British subjects to trade with the ports of the South. They chose the former course as at once the most just and friendly to the United States. "*It was*," Earl Russell affirms, "*your own Government which, in assuming the belligerent right of blockade, recognized the Southern States as belligerents.*"

Earl Russell then goes on to discuss the complaints against the British Government for permitting the egress of "vessels built in English ports, and afterward equipped with an armament sent from the British coasts." In the case of the *Alabama* he says that Mr. Adams furnished on the 22d, and more fully on the 24th of May, 1862, some evidence that this vessel was being equipped for the Confederate service. This evidence was reported upon on the 29th by the law officers; but on that very morning the vessel "was taken to sea on the false pretense of a trial-trip;" and although the evidence "furnished a sufficient ground for detaining the *Alabama*, it was yet doubtful whether it would have been found sufficient to procure a conviction from a jury, or even a charge in favor of condemnation of the vessel from a judge." The *Shenandoah* had been, under the name of the *Sea King*, a merchant-vessel; was sold to a merchant, and cleared for China as a merchant-ship; no evidence was produced that she was intended for Confederate service. Earl Russell refers to the action of the British Government in detaining the vessels *El Tousson* and *El Monassir*: for this they were charged, upon high authority, with having acted illegally, unjustifiably, and without excuse. Though that charge was unfounded, "nothing but the intimate conviction that those vessels were intended for Confederate vessels of war, that unless detained they would attempt to break the blockade of the United States squadrons, and that such an act might have produced the gravest complications, could have sustained the Government under the weight of the charges thus urged." In these cases, and in all others, Earl Russell contends that "*Her Majesty's Government faithfully performed their obligations as neutrals.*"

Earl Russell enters upon an elaborate historical argument to show that in 1815–1820, the Government of the United States, especially in the case of Portugal, took the same ground as that which it now condemns in the case of Great Britain. The essential points of this statement are that at this period privateers fitted out in the United States depredated upon the commerce and territory of Portugal, and that in answer to demands of reparation by the Portuguese Government, John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, replied in substance that the Government of the United States having used all means to prevent the fitting out of such vessels in their ports, "can not consider itself bound to indemnify individual foreigners for losses by capture over which the United States have neither control or jurisdiction;" and, "For any acts of the citizens of the United States, committed out of their jurisdiction and beyond their control, the Government of the United States is not responsible." That the United States are pledged to this view, which is claimed to be identical with that now held by the British Government, is further supported by other cases—this of Portugal being, however, the most important. Earl Russell asks—the form of the question implying a negative answer: "*Is her Majesty's Government to assume or be liable to a responsibility for conduct which her Majesty's Government did all in their power to prevent and to punish?*—a responsibility which Mr. Adams, on the part of the United States Government, in the case of Portugal, positively and firmly declined."

To the question whether American vessels-of-war should be treated in British ports as British vessels-of-war are in American ports, Earl Russell replies that this shall be done "*with the single exception that if an enemy's vessel-of-war should come into the same port, the vessel which shall first leave shall not be pursued by the enemy till twenty-four hours shall have elapsed.*" Before answering the question "whether Confederates are still to be treated as belligerents," Earl Russell "wishes to know whether the United States are prepared to put an end to the belligerent rights of search and capture of British vessels on the high seas. *Upon the answer to this question depends the course which her Majesty's Government will pursue.*"

May 20.—Mr. Adams replied to the foregoing letter. After recapitulating the points in his former note of April 7, he shows that at the time of the American revolution the British Government, taking the precise opposite of its present position, made it a ground of war against Holland and France that they had done just what the British Government had done in the present case. Then passing to the question of the *Alabama*, Mr. Adams shows that this vessel was suffered to escape to sea in spite of promises, express and implied, that this should not be permitted, and under circumstances which "*look almost as if it were intended as a positive insult*;" and moreover afterward she was in British ports "*every where hailed with joy, and treated with hospitality as a legitimate cruiser.*" Mr. Adams therefore reaffirms the validity of the claims of the Government of the United States "*for all the damage done by this vessel during her career, and asks reparation therefor.*"

In answer to the argument of Earl Russell, drawn from the case of Portugal and the United States, Mr. Adams shows that the United States not only did all in its power to execute the laws already existing to prevent the aggressions complained of, but passed new ones, amply sufficient, and satisfactory to the Portuguese Government, to remedy the defects of the old ones. This action is contrasted with that of the British Government, which formally declared that it had "finally determined to rely upon the existing statutes as quite effective to answer the desired purpose."

Mr. Adams concludes this long and elaborate dispatch by affirming the conclusion that, "*The nation that recognized a Power as a belligerent before it had built a vessel, and became itself the source of all the belligerent character it has ever possessed on the ocean, must be regarded as responsible for all the damage that has ensued from that cause to the commerce of a Power with which it was under the most sacred obligations to preserve amity and peace.*"

Aug. 30.—Earl Russell "purposely," as he says, took almost three and a half months to reply to the foregoing note of Mr. Adams. Then, after much diplomatic complimenting and controversy, he refers to a proposition made by Mr. Adams almost two years before (October 23, 1863), that the matters in question should be referred to the arbitration of some neutral Power. The final answer is clear and decisive: "*Her Majesty's Government must decline either to make reparation and compensation for the captures made by the* Alabama, *or to refer the question to any foreign state*;" but, it is added, the British Government "*is ready to consent to the appointment of a Commission to which will be referred all claims arising during the late civil war which the two Powers shall agree to refer to the Commissioners.*" This letter contains an abundance of complimentary remark upon the success of the United States (then achieved), congratulations upon the overthrow of slavery, "of which the British nation have always entertained and still entertain the deepest abhorrence;" and refers to the assurances frequently given by Mr. Adams that he has "never permitted himself to doubt the favorable disposition of the Queen's Ministers to maintain amicable relations with the Government of the United States....and that it has steadily endeavored to discountenance, and in a measure to check, the injurious operations of many of Her Majesty's subjects," notwithstanding the efforts "with which public writers and speakers have endeavored to poison the public mind in the United States, and to produce ill-will and hatred between the two nations."

Sept. 18.—Mr. Adams replied, reiterating his belief in the friendly intentions of the British Government. But he adds, significantly: "Inasmuch as the relations between nations, not less than between individuals, must depend upon the mode in which they *fulfill their obligations* toward each other, rather than upon their *motives*, the questions which have grown out of the events of the late war *appear to lose little of their gravity from any reciprocal disavowal, however complete, of any ill-will on the part of the respective governments.*" He then proceeds, at great length, to re-argue the points in controversy, declaring that upon the correct decision of them "*may depend the security which the commerce of belligerents will hereafter enjoy upon the high seas against the hazard of being swept from them through the acts of nations professing to be neutral, and bound to be friendly.*" He asks the British Foreign Secretary to "consider *which of the nations of the world present on every sea around the globe the most tempting prizes*" in the event of a war. He says that if the principles maintained by the British Government should be adopted as a part of the code of international law, "a new era in the relations of neutrals to belligerents on the high seas will open. *Neutral ports will before long become the true centres from which the most effective and dangerous enterprises against the commerce of belligerents may be contrived, fitted out, and executed.* ......Ships, men, and money will always be at hand for the service of any Power sufficiently strong to hold forth the probability of repayment in any form.......New *Floridas*, *Alabamas*, and *Shenandoahs* will appear on every sea;" and, adds Mr. Adams, "*if such be the recognized law, I will not undertake to affirm that the country which I have the honor to represent would not, in the end, be as able to accommodate itself to the new circumstances as Great Britain.*"

In regard to the proposal of Earl Russell for a Commission to adjudicate upon such questions as may be submitted to them, Mr. Adams simply says that it will be laid before the Government of the United States, whose instructions he awaits before returning a reply. Mr. Adams, after briefly alluding to the general tone and current of British feeling and action during the war of four years, concludes by saying, "*With my Government, as with my countrymen at large, there is still left a strong sense of injured feeling which only time, and the hopes of a better understanding in future held out by the conciliatory strain of your Lordship's note are likely to correct.*"

Divested of all mere formal, argumentative, and complimentary matter, the case now stands simply thus:

The Government of the United States formally claims that Great Britain is responsible for all damages inflicted upon our commerce by vessels claiming to be Confederate, yet built, equipped, and manned in and from Great Britain. The British Government as formally refuses to admit the validity of this claim, or to submit it to the arbitration of any foreign Power.

THE LUMP OF CLAY.

MY husband was a sculptor. He was by birth an Italian, but we lived during our married life in the city of New Orleans. He was not a poor artist; on the contrary he was wealthy, and spent his money lavishly, as men of genius often do. The daintiest viands, the rarest wines, were always upon our table; and he would have dressed me like a queen, had not my Puritan tastes interposed and sobered down the gorgeous robes he would have had me wear; while our house was crowded with costly trifles, and our plate the finest in the city.

Often and often friends have spoken to us, half in jest and half in earnest, of the tempting bait our dwelling offered to burglars or dishonest servants; but Ludivico laughed at their warnings, and I never knew fear when he was by.

So we had lived for five years, less careful by far of bolts and bars than many who had little save their four walls to protect, and never suffering save from some petty pilferer, when the autumn of 18— came. We had just returned from our summer trip inland, and Ludivico was busy with preparations for new work: fresh clay had been carried to his studio, models engaged, and every thing prepared for a busy winter. I had my new duties and cares also, for a little infant not three months old lay upon my breast. And we were very proud and happy in our new treasure; never in our lives had we talked so much of the future. Every hour of that coming winter was portioned off. I remember the fact now with a sort of horror, and an indescribable appreciation of the darkness which veils the future from our eyes which I never felt before.

Yet why should we have feared to hope? We were young; we were healthy; we had enough and to spare of this world's goods; and we adored each other. The thought that all this might not last never entered my mind, nor, I believe, my husband's.

One night I had put my babe to sleep and went out into the kitchen to see the cook, to whom I had certain orders to give concerning breakfast, but could not find her.

Our servants were forbidden to remain out later than nine, and it was nearly eleven. I felt angry with the girl, the more so that she had left an outer door swinging and flapping in the wind; and with an exclamation of impatience I went to close it.

As I stood for a moment on the threshold I could see the garden still full of beautiful flowers, and at its foot, leaning over the low fence, stood the girl, Jane, talking to a man.

The moon shone full upon them, and I saw the features of both plainly. Jane was a light mulatto, and it was impossible to tell whether the man was of her own color or a very swarthy white person. But, white or black, the expression of the face was hideous, malevolent, brutal, full of cunning; a face to be seen among felons' faces; such a face as Hogarth has drawn, and no man besides who ever handled brush.

I gazed one moment; then called out, sharply and quickly, "Jane, come in; it is too late to stay out," and retreated.

In a moment Jane was with me, apologizing in her own servile way, and taking my rebuke very quietly.

I gave her my orders and sent her to bed, and then went up stairs and forgot all about the matter, though it was in my mind to speak of it when I was at the door.

For once in the room I found my husband had brought in upon a board a piece of wet clay and set it at the foot of the bed, and my first words were:

"Are you going to work to-night, Ludivico?"

"No," said he, "the clay is too wet; but to-morrow the first thing I am going to begin—can you guess what?"

"No," said I.

"Our baby," said my husband; "we will make a sleeping cupid of him. It shall be my first work this winter."

I laughed with glee.

"I shall prize it so," I said. "He is lovely, is he not?" and I kissed the child softly as he slept. An hour after I was sleeping also, tranquilly, dreamlessly. The lamps were out, all was darkness and peace. How long it lasted I do not know.

I awakened with a start. I suppose some slight voice aroused me, for, after lying awake a few moments, I became conscious that some one was moving stealthily about the room—some one with bare feet.

I called out, "Ludivico, is that you?" and then with terror heard his sleeping breath at my ear, and knew some stranger was in the room. Soon I heard a stumble and an oath, suppressed, but plain; then the board on which the clay rested seemed to be pushed across the floor. My heart throbbed fearfully, I knew now that burglars were in the house, and I thought only of our personal safety. They might take all, if they did not harm my husband and my child. I watched and listened, holding my breath until a ray of light shone in the room, and I knew the thief had lighted a dark lantern. I heard the tinkle of the different articles he slipped into a bag. I heard drawers and wardrobes stealthily opened, and I prayed that his cupidity might be satisfied, and that he might go leaving us unharmed.

Alas, the prayer was vain! Some noise louder than the rest awoke my husband. I strove in vain to restrain or silence him. He sprang from the bed, shouted "Who is there?" and made for the dark shape just visible. In an instant the lantern was darkened, and a struggle in the dark commenced. I shrieked frantically. Steps and lights approached. A pistol was fired, a heavy fall followed. I heard the robber dash from the room and down the stairs, and the next moment the room was full of trembling servants, and I saw, by the lights they carried, Ludivico lying upon the floor weltering in his blood.

I called his name. He made me no answer. I lifted up his face. Alas! the truth was written there—the bullet had entered his heart. He was dead!

What need to dwell on that sad time. Friends flocked to my aid, but I cared for nothing now that he was dead.

The house had been stripped of valuables and money. It was the boldest robbery accomplished for years—said the police. But despite all efforts—all offered rewards, the culprit was not to be found. He had escaped as completely as though he had vanished from the earth.

When I had buried my darling in the strange city of sepulchres, where the dead of New Orleans repose, and waited many weeks in hopes that his murderer might be found, I took my child and went home to my kindred in old Connecticut. I was wealthy, and in no fear of want during my life. But the only possession I now valued was my child, the boy who might some day wear his father's mien, and speak to me in his father's voice.

I had dismissed Jane. She had been under suspicion, and examined carefully, but she appeared innocent. Of all the servants I kept but one to assist me in packing and travel North with me. While the packing was going on she came to me and said:

"There's a queer bit of clay on a board under your bed, ma'am. Shall I throw it away?"

I burst into tears.

"The last thing his hand ever touched!" I cried. "Oh no. I will take it with me." So the dry lump made part of my luggage, that and the dainty box-wood tools he had laid out to work with.

I found dear ones to grieve with me and nurse me at home, but my heart was broken. The only one object I had in life was to bring Ludivico's murderer to justice. But how, when experienced detectives had failed upon the spot, was I, an inexperienced woman, so many miles away, to succeed? They treated the idea with indulgent pity, but I felt sure that God would help me. The face at the garden gate was stamped upon my memory. It was the only clew I had, but it was something.

Soon I had another.

One day I began to unpack my effects, and arrange them in my present home. Almost at the last of the work I came to that which was to have been our sleeping cherub, but which was now, like the hand which thought to mould it, a mere cold lump of clay.

I laid it on the table, and looked at it. I thought to weep, but amazement checked the tears. There, in the midst of the dry mould, was the impress of a foot—the lower part of a coarse, large, *maimed* man's foot.

The truth burst upon me at once. The robber had trodden in the clay. I remembered that the stairs and floors were spotted with it. I remembered his ejaculation and the thud of the clay against the bedstead. It was all plain. I locked the door, and sat down with both hands to my head. A fierce joy possessed me. I knew what to do. My hands had dabbled in cast-making often enough.

I found some plaster of Paris, and soon the foot up to the instep stood before me—a coarse, large foot, as I have said before, with two toes gone—the great toe and the one next it—and an incision in the side, as though a piece had been cut away.

When I had done this, and, though it was a matter of some time, I said no word to any one, I broke down, and lay ill a long while. The excitement had been very great, and brought on a brain-fever, from which I nearly died.

Yet, despite all this, nothing came of my discovery. I waited and hoped in vain. A year passed—five—the sixth began and crept on until the winter, and yet, though I had written to influential friends in New Orleans, nothing was made by my discovery.

At last I said: The secret is veiled from human eyes forever. I must give up hope. And I was calmer after that.

My boy was now a comfort to me, and I had gone to housekeeping with a young sister for my companion. She was a beautiful creature, and very much admired. My house grew gay, for I could not doom her to dullness, and young voices and laughter and music filled the parlors almost nightly.

Sometimes, however, I was alone there, while she was away amidst gay scenes and merry friends, and then I thought until thinking was a pain and the hours seemed years.

One cold winter night I had been thus alone when my sister Grace came home. She was in a merry mood, and cast her fur wrappings from her gleefully as she sat down by the fire.

"I've made a conquest, my dear," she said.

"Is that any thing new?" asked I.

"*He* is. What do you say to a millionaire?"

"I should ask, what is he besides a millionaire?"

"Oh! a Cuban, forty odd, I suppose, and not a bit handsome; but he adores me already. It's no joke, Ella; and I always said I would marry a rich man."

"Not without loving him?"

"Bah! It's enough if he loves me. How do love-matches end? Either one dies and the other is wretched, or they quarrel and are divorced in a year or two. Better not love, say I."

I sighed. She was half right, after all.

"He's a mystery too," said Grace. "No one knows any thing about him, except that he's enormously rich. He has bought the Elms—the finest place here, you know—and they are making a great pet of him—all for his money. He saw me home—to the envy of every girl in the room, and he'll probably call to-morrow to ask how I am. Will you shut me in my room and send him away, cruel sister?"

I tried to smile, and the thought came upon me that it might be better never to know the height of happiness if one must be plunged from it into the depths of misery.

"I shall not turn the Cuban away if he is a good man and my sister likes him," I said; and Grace laughed and went to bed.

The Cuban did call next day, but I was out and did not see him. The neighbors spoke well of him, however; and he had bought the great place called "the Elms," and intended to be a resident of the town. In a worldly point of view it seemed a good match for any girl, and I waited anxiously to see the man himself. Three days after I had the opportunity.

Grace had been to church in the evening; my boy was ill, and I had staid away. When it was time for service to be over I sat by the window watching for her. The bedroom was dark, and the moon outside very bright; consequently I could see the garden plainly. Soon Grace came up the path on a man's arm. At the gate she bade him good-by, and stopped to say a few words. She stood inside, swinging the gate in her hand. He leaned with both arms folded on the fence outside.

I had seen the picture before. Where? With a leap my mind went back to the night before my husband's murder. I saw Jane, the mulatto cook, and her companion; and, oh merciful Heavens! the man's face was the same. This was shaded by a fashionable hat—a fashionable collar and cravat, and an elegant over-coat finished the costume, while the first face was set off by ragged and ruffianly garments, but the persons were the same. I could have laid my hand upon the Bible and sworn to that fact on the spot. As I grew positive of this my senses departed, and my sister, when she entered, found me in a swoon upon the floor.

When I recovered I doubted my own sanity. I laid what I had seen to the illusion of moonlight and distance. I argued with myself that until I had again seen this Cuban I must regard the whole affair as a delusion. I waited, not patiently but silently. Soon I met him face to face in my own parlor. The moment was a terrible one. I knew now I had made no mistake.

There had never been the faintest doubt in my mind that this companion of Jane's had been at the bottom of the dark deed of that horrible night. There was no doubt now that this was the man; yet my own common-sense told me that to accuse a wealthy gentleman on such slight grounds as the memory of a face seen once by moonlight would be absurd. I should be called insane. But, if I were, this was a bold, bad man, and Grace should have no more to do with him. I told her so that night, and she turned on me angrily.

"You should have spoken sooner," she said. "It has gone too far. I am half engaged to him. It is a splendid match for a poor girl, and I'll marry him."

"Do you love him?" said I.

She laughed. "No; but, as I said once before, he loves me. That's enough. I shall get used to his ways and looks, no doubt; and I shall be mistress of a splendid house, carriage, horses, etc., and shall enjoy myself. Is it only for his ugly face you hate my Cuban? Don't you remember Shakspeare: 'Mislike me not for my complexion,' etc. To be sure he is suspiciously dark; but it *is* Cuban—nothing else."

And changing at once from angry to gay she kissed me.

"He has a horrible face," I said; "but that is not all. Grace, this must not go on. I will tell you a secret. The face I saw over the gate on that awful night talking to Jane. The face of one connected, I am sure, with this murder was this man's face; and he, Grace, is the man himself."

Grace answered with a laugh.

"You are wild," she said. "That, you have always said, was a ragged, wretched fellow."

"Yes; but still the man in other clothes—"

"A millionaire has no need to turn burglar."

"How did this man make his money—can you answer?"

"Nonsense—of course not. Cotton or sugar I suppose. I hope you are not going to have another brain-fever, my dear."

"My brain is steady, Grace. Heed me."

"That I can't; you will see your folly soon. The idea! Because the poor man is ugly, I'll make him tell how he came by his fortune! Sleep on it, and you'll see your insanity."

She danced away, and I crept to bed with a heavy heart.

The next day she came to me gleefully. "My Caliban made his fortune in trade," she said; "took his father's business, and gave it up when his million was made. He showed me papers and letters and things I didn't understand, though I pretended to. He didn't find his million in people's cupboards. And he has popped the question, and I have accepted—so there's an end. Come, I know you've had too much trouble; but don't brood over it and go out of your head."

She tried to kiss me, but I held her off.

"Listen, Grace," I said. "If you marry this man and I discover afterward that he knows any thing of that awful night I shall still denounce him."

"And welcome," said she. Then with a sudden childish burst of tears she clasped me and cried: "Oh, Ella, don't go crazy—don't go crazy! Try to take comfort; try to be yourself!"

It was useless to argue farther, and I left her.

So, being betrothed to Grace, the Cuban, Mr. Zenzee was his name, brought his hideous face to our house every night.

I loathed it, but I had determined to watch him. With this end I endured the sight and heard him talk. At last I made him contradict himself as to the places where he spent certain years. I confused him by blunt inquiries concerning Cuba. I became convinced that he was no more a Cuban than myself. Then watching him still closer I saw terror as well as brutality in his eye. I knew the man feared something. Closer and closer my fancied proofs were gathering about him, until I began to see in him the actual murderer. The man who had stolen barefoot about our room, and the clay impress of whose mutilated foot I had locked in a closet in my room. Could I see his foot I could be sure—not else. And that had now become the object of my life; and, all this while, despite all my prayers and protestations, the preparations for my sister's marriage with Mr. Zenzee were going forward.

The day was set. The time narrowed. Before that wedding-day I had sworn to make my discovery. I worked now with two ends. My old one, and that of saving Grace from becoming the wife of a monster.

I watched the foot as a cat watches a mouse, but discovered nothing. My agony grew greater and greater. Time moved too fast for me; I could have prayed for days and hours to lengthen those months out. At last there was but one day between the present in which I lived and that in which my sister would become Mrs. Zenzee. On that morning I awoke with my plan fully matured.

I said to Grace at breakfast: "Since the wedding is so near invite Mr. Zenzee to pass the evening with us."

She looked up with a smile.

"You are coming to your senses," she said.

I made no answer. After a while I asked again, "Do you love him, Grace?" and she answered: "I told you once why I accepted him. That is my reason still. After all, what *is* love worth?" but she sighed.

My heart had been at ease on that score before. It was even lighter now. But how it throbbed with anxiety! The day wore on tediously, and evening came with a murky rain; but with it came Mr. Zenzee. He took tea with us, and did his best to be agreeable; but somehow, in spite of the remarkably handsome dress he wore, he looked more the ruffian than ever. After ten we had out the card-table, and he showed us some strange tricks at cards, and played against us, and cheated us both for fun, and laughed at Grace's wonder. Then Grace sang a while; and then, the clock striking ten, my time had come.

"It is a cold night," said I.

"Bitter," said he, shuddering. "But then I come from a warm climate."

"Something warm to drink would be a comfort," said I.

He brightened up.

"It would suit me," said he.

"A bowl of punch now?" said I.

Grace stared.

"Punch! I thought you—"

I stopped her.

"This is a special occasion," said I; "and, to tell the truth, I have some prepared."

"Fond of a drop yourself of a cold night, and none the worse for it, ma'am," said he, with a laugh.

I laughed too as I left the room. In the kitchen I found my punch-bowl full.

"Is it hot?" said I.

"Boiling," said the girl; and I seized it on its tray with the ladle. Then I called John, our coachman, a burly fellow over six feet in height.

"John," said I, "stay near the door. If I call you, come and do what I tell you."

The man stared but obeyed.

I waited until I heard him plant himself upon the sill of the door, then entered the parlor.

"Taste it, Mr. Zenzee, is it not fine?" I said, and then, as I stood near him, the bowl dropped from my hands, and the contents poured over the floor and the Cuban's knees. I screamed. He howled, for the boiling fluid had filled the loose shoes he wore; and down I went on my knees before the spot to which he had sprung.

"Oh, what an unlucky thing! Are you scalded? Let me see." And as he sat writhing with pain on the sofa I tore off shoes and stockings with great pretense of compassion and grief.

The feet lay bare upon a cushion. The right perfect. The left—that maimed foot which had made its impress in the clay on the night of my husband's murder.

I gave a yell of almost insane triumph, and cried aloud for John.

"Hold him," I said. "Do not let him go. He is a murderer."

I forget the other details of that night, or remember them only in a sort of dream. I know emissaries of the law soon filled my house. I know my wild statement slowly gained credence. I had my proofs in the clay and plaster in my room above. At last, in the recognition of the man as a desperado of the Mississippi, and finally in his own confession.

His end was the one he merited, and my work was done.

Long since Grace married a man she loved with her whole heart, and they are prosperous. And I—I am patient and ready to bide God's will.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"SIMILIA SIMILIBUS!"—We read that "A new process of Photographing on Wood" has been patented. It is found to be specially adapted for all blockheads, and the members of different Boards. Persons who are plain, however, object to this new style of portraiture, for fear that they might, should the wood be in the least ill-grained, come out a deal plainer.

A suffering mother, appealing to her boy for sympathy, exclaimed: "Oh, Charlie, mamma's head aches! Can't you play without making so much noise? Suppose mamma should fall sick and die?"

"Well," answered the tiny man, gravely, "I guess I should have to det married adain."

A schoolmaster tells the following good one. I was teaching in a quiet country village. The second morning of my session I had leisure to survey my surroundings, and among the scanty furniture I espied a three-legged stool. "Is this the dunce block?" I asked a little girl of five. The dark eyes sparkled, the curls nodded assent, and the lips rippled out, "I guess so; the teacher always sits on it." The stool was unoccupied that term.

QUEER PERSONS IN QUEER PLACES.

An Irishman at a Quakers' meeting.
A sailor in a synagogue.
A mermaid asleep in an oyster-bed.

A little Swedish girl, while walking with her father on a starry night, absorbed in contemplation of the skies, being asked of what she was thinking, replied, "I was thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be?"

A "STRONG SUIT"—A suit of mail.

A son of Neptune, who was in the habit of quarreling with his better half, was one day remonstrated with by the minister of the parish, who told him he and his wife ought to live on more amicable terms, as they were both one. "One!" said the old salt, shifting his quid; "if you should come by the house sometimes, blast my tarry top-lights if you wouldn't think we were about *twenty*."

"You do wrong to fish on Sunday," said a clergyman to a lad he saw so doing. "Well, Sir," replied the boy, "it can't be much harm, for I ain't cotched nothink."

"That was a horrible affair—the murder of Dean, and the sealing up of his remains in a tin box!" "What Dean?" asked half a dozen voices at once. "*Sar-dine*," was the reply.

THE WAY THE FENIANS IN AMERICA MEAN TO MAKE IRELAND FREE—By going into *bond*-age.

OWED TO A. MOSQUITO.

Mysterious beast! that with thy long proboscis
  A puncturing venomously for our blood,
Dost make our human ears as big as asses',
  And all our faculties as clear as mud:

Blood-thirsty being! say (nor sing your answer),
  For what disease dost thou thy lance apply?
I have no vertigo, cramp, colic, cancer—
  Be sure there is a winker in your eye!

Or if no surgical intent inspire you,
  Say what would satisfy your greedy maw—
A quart of blood—a gallon? What require you?
  For what rich bribe will you withhold your jaw?

I vow I'd sacrifice my best blood-heifer
  If for his blood my own calf you would leave:
Or knock my fattest pig than poker stiffer
  If my own bacon thus I might retrieve.

In vain! in vain! your voice is still for stinging;
  A very Shylock in your foul intent!
Yet one more offer—only cease thy singing,
  And take my blood—I'll freely give *a cent!*

"How the deuce, my dear fellow, can I make a girl love *me*, who is constantly devoured by love of *herself*?" asked a young man of his friend. "Oh," replied the latter, "that is the easiest thing in the world; just minister to her self-love until it overflows; all that runs over will be yours."

An author, writing of the manners of the last century in Scotland, says that even some of the ladies were not behind the gentlemen in their excesses: "Three gentlewomen one night had a merrymaking in a tavern in Edinburgh, near the Cross, where they sat till they were all pretty fou. On leaving the house and ascending to the street they failed to remember where they were; but as the moon was shining brightly they found little difficulty in getting along till they reached the Tron church. Here a prodigious obstacle presented itself. The moon, shining high in the south, threw the shadow of the steeple directly across the street, from the one side to the other; and the ladies, being no more clear-sighted than they were clear-headed, mistook the same for a broad and rapid river, which they would require to cross before making further way. Under this delusion they sat down upon the brink of the imaginary stream, took off their shoes and stockings, kilted their clothes, and proceeded to wade through to the opposite shore, upon reaching which they reassumed their shoes and stockings, and went on their way rejoicing."

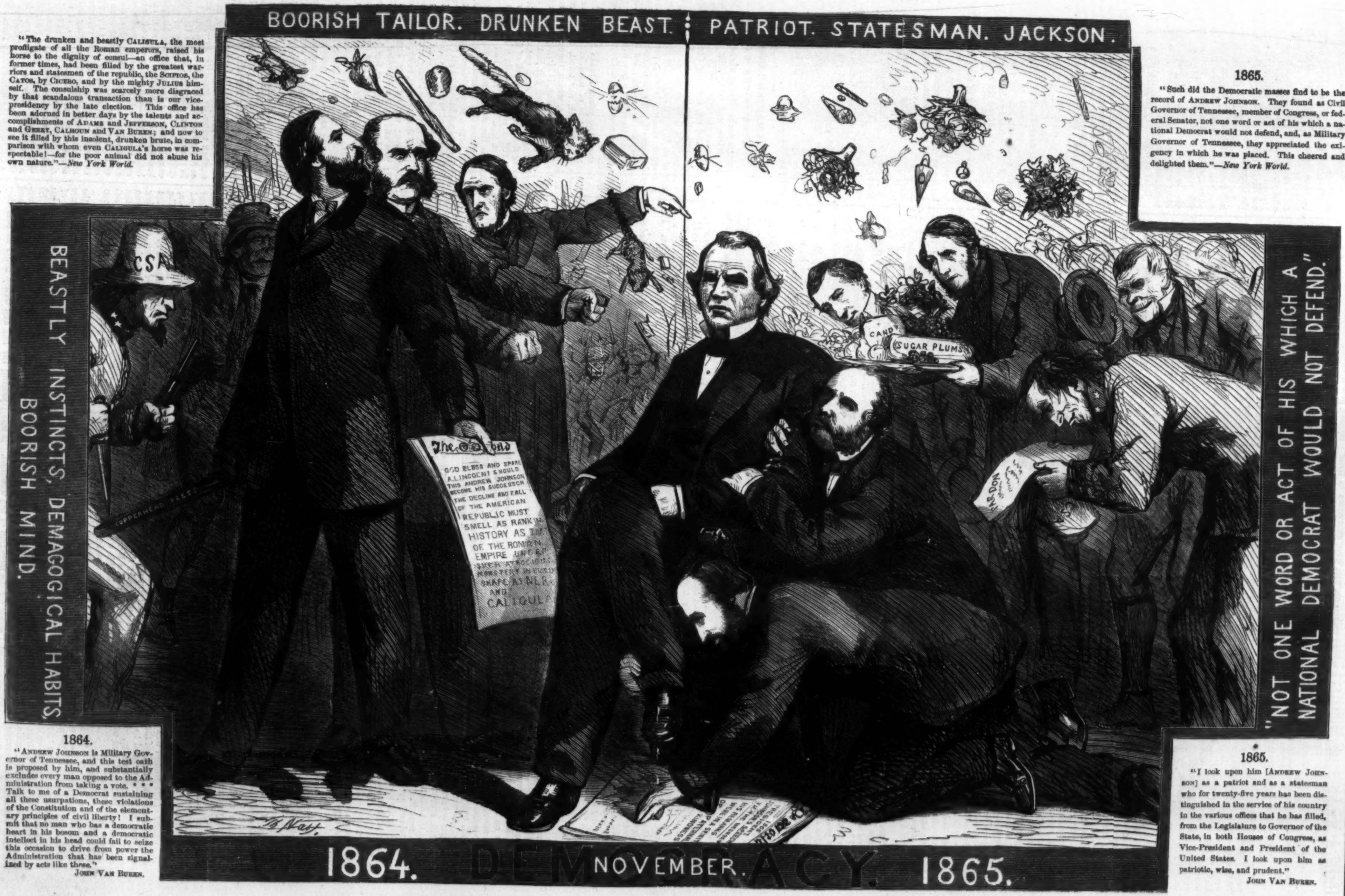
A GOOD GAME OF CRICKET.—Eleven Bachelors play eleven Spinsters at Lady's Ground, and the result is a Tie.

THE GREAT FERRY-BOAT TRAGEDY.

ANGELINA. "Oh, Edwin, if you love me, save, oh save my *best back Hair!*"

THE TRUE DEFENDERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.—[DRAWN BY MR. JAMES WALKER.]

"The drunken and beastly CALIGULA, the most profligate of all the Roman emperors, raised his horse to the dignity of consul—an office that, in former times, had been filled by the greatest warriors and statesmen of the republic, the SCIPIOS, the CATOS, by CICERO, and by the mighty JULIUS himself. The consulship was scarcely more disgraced by that scandalous transaction than is our vice-presidency by the late election. This office has been adorned in better days by the talents and accomplishments of ADAMS and JEFFERSON, CLINTON and GERRY, CALHOUN and VAN BUREN; and now to see it filled by this insolent, drunken brute, in comparison with whom even CALIGULA's horse was respectable!—for the poor animal did not abuse his own nature."—*New York World.*



1865.

"Such did the Democratic masses find to be the record of ANDREW JOHNSON. They found as Civil Governor of Tennessee, member of Congress, or federal Senator, not one word or act of his which a national Democrat would not defend, and, as Military Governor of Tennessee, they appreciated the exigency in which he was placed. This cheered and delighted them."—*New York World.*

1864.

"ANDREW JOHNSON is Military Governor of Tennessee, and this test oath is proposed by him, and substantially excludes every man opposed to the Administration from taking a vote. * * * Talk to me of a Democrat sustaining all these usurpations, these violations of the Constitution and of the elementary principles of civil liberty! I submit that no man who has a democratic heart in his bosom and a democratic intellect in his head could fail to seize this occasion to drive from power the Administration that has been signalized by acts like these."

JOHN VAN BUREN.

1865.

"I look upon him [ANDREW JOHNSON] as a patriot and as a statesman who for twenty-five years has been distinguished in the service of his country in the various offices that he has filled, from the Legislature to Governor of the State, in both Houses of Congress, as Vice-President and President of the United States. I look upon him as patriotic, wise, and prudent."

JOHN VAN BUREN.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER LXV.

THE LAST OF THE BATTLE.

IT was now nearly four o'clock in the afternoon. Throughout the search at the barricade Saxon had seen the shells flying at a great height overhead, and heard the battle going on unceasingly in the streets of the town. Sometimes the sounds advanced, sometimes retreated; but never ceased for one minute together. Finding at length that neither friends nor foes came round in their direction, the men posted at the barricade became impatient and dropped away one by one; and presently Saxon, being to all appearance no more likely to find his friend in one place than another, followed their example.

He traversed one whole street without seeing a living creature; then, coming to a cross-road, paused and listened. The musketry now seemed to be very distant, but he could not tell precisely from what quarter the sound proceeded. While he was yet hesitating a couple of Neapolitan soldiers came running toward him. Seeing an armed Garibaldian they stopped short, as if doubting which way to turn; and Saxon called to them to surrender.

At that moment some six or eight red-shirts made their appearance at the top of the street in full chase. The Neapolitans immediately fired upon Saxon, flung away their rifles, and fled down a by-street to the left.

But the balls glanced harmlessly by, and Saxon, anxious to know how the great interests of the day were faring elsewhere, went on his way, and left the fugitives to their pursuers.

A few steps further on he fell in with a detachment of Tuscans led by young Beni, now on foot.

"Holà! amico," cried the Palermitan, "where do you come from?"

"From the barricade in the Via Lombardi. And you?"

"From the beach, where those cursed Regi have been pouring down shot and shell as thick as fire-stones from Etna."

"How goes the day?"

"Triumphantly. We are driving them up toward the castle from all sides. Come and see!"

So Saxon fell in with the Tuscan company; and as they pressed up against the hill, winding round by a steep lane on the eastern side of the town, the young men in a few hurried sentences exchanged such news as each had to tell.

"The whole of the lower part of the town is ours," said Beni. "Medici's men have done wonders—the Genoese carabineers have lost half their number—Peard's company has possession of an old wind-mill on the heights above the castle, whence they have rifled the enemy clear out of the northern works."

"This is great news!"

"It *is* great news. Before another hour is past we shall have them all shut up in the castle like mice in a trap."

"Where is your horse?"

"Shot under me half an hour ago. Where is your friend?"

"Safe, I hope. He vanished in the mêlée down at the barricade, and I have not seen him since."

"Silence! I hear a tramp of feet—halt!"

The column halted, and in the sudden silence that ensued the approaching footsteps of a considerable body of men were distinctly audible.

It was an exciting moment. The lane was winding, steep, and narrow. On one side rose a stupendous cliff of solid rock; on the other ran a low wall, overhanging the poorest quarter of the town. A worse place for a hostile encounter could scarcely have been selected; but the young Palermitan, unused to command as he was, at once saw the difficulty of his position, and prepared to meet it.

Silently and promptly he drew up his little troop across the road—the front row lying down, the second kneeling, the third standing—all ready to greet the enemy with a deadly fire as soon as they should come in sight. In the mean while Saxon had slung his rifle over his shoulders and begun climbing the face of the cliff. Where there was footing for a goat there was always footing for him; and almost before Beni knew what had become of him, he was posted behind an overhanging bush some twenty feet above. About a dozen others immediately followed his example, till every shrub and projecting angle of rock concealed a rifle.

The Garibaldians had but just completed their preparations when the white cross-belts of the Neapolitans appeared at the turn of the road, some sixty yards ahead.

Evidently unprepared to find their passage resisted, they recoiled at sight of the Garibaldians, who instantly poured in their first volley. They then fired a few shots and fell back out of sight, as if hesitating whether to advance or retreat. The nature of the ground was such that neither party could see the extent of the other's strength; and Beni had been careful to turn this circumstance to the best advantage. In the mean while his men had re-loaded, and were waiting in the same order as before.

They had not to wait long. In another second there arose a shout of "Viva il Rè!" and the royalists, cheered on by their officers, came back with fixed bayonets, at the pas de charge—a narrow, compact, resolute torrent, which looked as if it must carry all before it.

Again the Tuscans delivered their deliberate and deadly fire—again, again, and again; and at each discharge the foremost Neapolitans went down like grass before the scythe. There seemed to be a charmed line drawn across the road, beyond which they could not pass. As fast as they reached it they fell; as fast as they fell those behind rushed up, and were shot down in their turn.

And all this time the tirailleurs on the cliff-side dropped in their unerring bullets upon the advancing column, bringing down the hindmost men, and picking off each officer as he came into sight.

The struggle lasted but a few moments, and was over in less time than it takes to tell.

Mowed down by an irresistible fire, little guessing by what a mere handful of men they were being held in check, and left almost without an officer to command them, the Neapolitans all at once desisted from the attack and retreated as rapidly as they had charged, dragging off some six or eight of their wounded, and leaving a rampart of their dead piled up half-way between themselves and their opponents.

"Viva Garibaldi!" cried Saxon, swinging himself lightly from bush to bush, and leaping down into the road.

"Viva Garibaldi!" shouted Beni's troop, eager to pursue, but held back by their young leader, who knew that they would have no chance if once they betrayed the insignificance of their numbers. Throwing himself before them, he forbade a man to stir. At the same time the tramp of the enemy, broken, hurried, and disordered, died rapidly away, and the Garibaldians, only two of whom were slightly wounded, remained in undisputed possession of their little Thermopylæ.

In high spirits, they presently resumed their march; but they saw no more Neapolitans. When the lane opened presently upon a broad platform overlooking the town, they halted. Above them rose the castle ramparts, apparently deserted. Below them lay the streets and squares of Melazzo, with the open country beyond. A strange silence seemed suddenly to have fallen upon the day. There was no echo of musketry to be heard upon the air—no smoke-wreath visible even in places where the combat had been hottest half an hour before. Save a distant shouting here and there, and an occasional shell thrown from some part of the fortifications far away to the westward side of the castle, the tumult of battle seemed to have passed magically away.

"What does it all mean?" said Saxon, breathlessly.

"Well," replied Beni, "I suppose it means that the battle is over."

At that moment a detachment of Malenchini's brigade made its appearance at the farther side of the platform, shouting, "Viva l'Italia!" and planted the tricolor on the highest point of the parapet overlooking the town.

The battle was indeed over; the long day's fight fought gallantly out and crowned with victory. The whole of the town, up to the very gates of the castle, was in the hands of the liberators.

CHAPTER LXVI.

SAXON PURSUES HIS SEARCH.

THE battle over, orders were issued for the construction of barricades in all the approaches to the castle. Weary as they were after their long day's fighting, the Garibaldians then stacked their muskets and went to work with a will. Pavements were hastily torn up, carts dragged from the sheds in which their owners had left them, and doors taken from their hinges. Before sundown a chain of extempore defenses was thrown up at every point of danger, and the royalists were effectually imprisoned in their own strong-hold.

Then, guarded only by a few sentinels posted upon the barricades, the army dispersed itself about the streets and piazzas, and lay down to rest by hundreds in the churches, the deserted houses, and even the open doorways along the streets.

In the mean while Saxon went about from barricade to barricade, seeking his friend and questioning every one he met, but seeking and questioning in vain. One Garibaldian remembered to have seen him with the Pavia company during a sharp skirmish up in some gardens near the castle. Another thought he had observed him down on the Marina. A third was certain that he had been killed by the bursting of a shell; while a fourth no less positively asserted that he was with Peard's company in the wind-mill above the castle. Confused by these contradictory statements, Saxon wandered hither and thither till the twilight came on; and then, utterly exhausted, stretched himself upon a bench in the market-place, and fell profoundly asleep.

His sleep lasted only a couple of hours. He had lain down with his mind full of anxiety and apprehension, and no sooner had the first torpor of excessive fatigue passed off than he woke, oppressed by a vague uneasiness, and, for the first few moments, unable to remember where he was.

He looked round upon a spacious piazza deep in shadow, and scattered over with groups of sleeping soldiers and stands of arms.

Melazzo taken; Castletowers missing; perhaps wounded—perhaps dead! He sprang to his feet as these recollections flashed upon him, and half stupefied with sleep, prepared to resume his quest. At the first step he stumbled over the corpse of a Neapolitan grenadier, lying as if asleep, with his white face turned up to the sky. A few paces farther on he met a couple of Garibaldians bearing away a wounded man upon a shutter, and preceded by a torch-bearer.

Learning from these that there were several temporary hospitals in the town, as well as others beyond the gates, he resolved to visit all before pursuing his search in other directions. He then followed them to a church close by, the stone floor of which had been laid down with straw for the reception of the wounded. It was a strange and piteous sight. The torches planted here and there against the walls and pillars of the building served only to make visible the intense gloom of the vaulted roof above. All around, more or less dangerously wounded, lay some sixty soldiers; while gliding noiselessly to and fro were seen the surgeons and nurses busy on their work of mercy.

Pausing at the door he asked the sentry if he knew any thing of an English nobleman—Lord Castletowers by name—whom he had reason to fear must be among the wounded.

"An Englishman?" said the sentry. "Si, amico, there was an Englishman brought in about two hours ago."

So Saxon went up the nave of the church and preferred his inquiry to one of the nurses.

She shook her head.

"Alas!" she replied, "his case was hopeless. He died about ten minutes after he was brought in."

"Died!"

"His poor body has not yet been removed. It lies yonder close under the pulpit."

Half in hope, half in dread, the young man snatched a torch from the nearest sconce and flew to the spot indicated. The shattered corpse lay placidly enough, with a smile upon its dead lips, and the eyes half-closed, as if in sleep; but it was not the corpse of Lord Castletowers.

With a deep-drawn breath of relief Saxon then turned away, and passing gently along the line of patients looked at each pale face in turn. Having done this he inquired his way to the next ambulance, which was established in the ground-floor of the Polizia. In order to reach this place he had to recross the piazza. Here he met three or four more torch parties; for the Garibaldians were still anxiously searching for their wounded in all parts of the town.

At the door of the Polizia he accosted the sentry with the same question that he had been asking at every barricade and outpost in the place. Could he give him any information of an English gentleman styled Lord Castletowers?

The sentry, who happened to be a Frenchman, lifted his cap with the best bred air imaginable, and asked, in return, if he had the honor of addressing Monsieur Trefalden.

Saxon replied in the affirmative; but—

"Alors, que monsieur se donne la peine d'entrer. Il trouvera son ami, mi-lord Castletowers dans la première salle à gauche."

Scarcely waiting to thank the friendly Gaul for his intelligence Saxon rushed in, and almost the first face on which his eyes rested was the face of his friend.

He was sitting on the side of a bench that had evidently been serving him for a bed. He had a large cloak thrown over his shoulders, and looked rather pale; but was, nevertheless, tranquilly smoking a cigar, and chatting with his nearest neighbor.

"So, Trefalden," said he, as Saxon burst into the room, "you have found me out at last! I knew you would be looking for me all over the place, if you were alive to do it; so I left word at the door that you were to apply within. Excuse my left hand."

"I am so glad, Castletowers!" exclaimed Saxon. "I was never so glad in my life!"

"Gently, my dear fellow—gently. You need not shake one's hand so vehemently."

"What is the matter? Where are you hurt?"

"In the right arm—confound it!"

"Very badly?"

"No. That is to say, I am not doomed to amputation; but there's an end, so far as I am concerned, to glory and gunpowder—and that is quite bad enough."

CHAPTER LXVII.

IN DURANCE VILE.

THE mystery of the Earl's disappearance was sufficiently simple when it came to be explained. He had been carried over the barricade in the last great rush, and, instead of remaining on the spot like Saxon to fight it out to the last blow, had dashed on with some twenty others in pursuit of the first fugitives. Having chased the Neapolitans into a blind alley, taken them prisoners, and deprived them of their arms, the Garibaldians then fell in with the Pavia company, and shared with them some of the hottest work that was done in Melazzo that day.

It was while with this gallant company, and at the moment when he was assisting to plant the tricolor on the top of a summer-house in a long-contested garden, that Lord Castletowers received two shots in the right arm, and was forced to go back to the ambulances in the rear.

His wounds, though severe, were not in the least dangerous; one bullet having lodged in the biceps muscle of the upper arm, and another having fractured the ulna bone of the forearm. Both, however, had been already extracted before Saxon found his way to the Polizia, and the surgeon in attendance assured them that Lord Castletowers would in time regain the use of his arm as completely as if no mischance had ever befallen it. In the mean while, to be sure, the results were sufficiently inconvenient. The Earl's military career was brought to an abrupt conclusion, and his hope of doing something brilliant—something that even Miss Colonna should be forced to admire—was nipped in the bud. These things were hard to bear, and demanded all the patience that he could summon to his aid.

Their campaign thus unexpectedly ended, the young men would gladly have gone back at once to their little yacht and set sail in search of "fresh fields and pastures new;" but to that proposition the medico would not listen. So they lingered on in Melazzo day after day, keeping for the most part beyond the walls, and passing the hot and weary hours as best they might.

It was a dull time, though cursorily enlivened by the surrender of the garrison. They saw the Neapolitan transports steam into the bay, and witnessed the embarkation of Bosco and his troops.

When this interlude was played out the Garibaldians began to look toward Messina and speculate eagerly on what might next be done. Then came rumors of a general evacuation of the royalist strong-holds; and by-and-by they learned beyond doubt that the tedium of success was not likely to be relieved by any more fighting in the island of Sicily.

Somewhat comforted by this intelligence, and still more comforted by a note which the Earl received from Signor Colonna the fourth day after the battle, the young men submitted to the semi-imprisonment of Melazzo, and saw Garibaldi depart with the main body of his army somewhat less regretfully than they might otherwise have done.

Brief as a military dispatch the Italian's note ran thus:

> "Caro Gervase. The victory which has just been won terminates the war in Sicily. Dissension and terror reign in the Cabinet at Naples. Months will probably elapse before another blow is struck; and it is possible that even that blow may not be needed. In the mean while give ear to earnest counsel. Sheath thy sword and pursue thy journey in peace. This in confidence from the friend of thy childhood. G. C."

It was something to receive this assurance from a man like Colonna—a man who knew better than even Garibaldi himself the probabilities and prospects of the war. So the friends made the best of their position, and amused themselves by planning what they would do when they received the medico's order of release.

Norway was now out of the question. By the time they could reach Bergen the season would be nearly past; besides which, the Earl was forbidden to expose his wounded arm to so severe a change of temperature. They therefore proposed to confine their voyage to the basin of the Mediterranean, seeing whatever was practicable, and touching, if possible, at Malta, Alexandria, Smyrna, Athens, Naples, Cadiz, and Lisbon by the way. To this list, for reasons known only to himself, Saxon added the name of Sidon.

At length Lord Castletowers was pronounced fit for removal, though not yet well enough to dispense with medical care. So Saxon cut the knot of that difficulty by engaging the services of a young Sicilian surgeon; and, thus attended, they once more went on board the *Albula* and weighed anchor.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

LIFE IN THE EAST.

A LITTLE yacht rides at anchor in the harbor of Alexandria, and two young Franks, one of whom carries his right arm in a sling, are wandering to and fro, drinking deeply of that cup of enchantment—a first day in the East.

Alexandria is by no means a favorable specimen of an Oriental city. On the contrary, it is a meagre, modern trading port, with an unhealthy climate, few well-defined antiquities, and no scenery worth remark; but it is the East for all that, and therefore a new world to those who have not yet seen Cairo, or Smyrna, or Constantinople.

So these two young Franks roam hither and thither in a state of semi-beatitude, conscious neither of hunger, nor thirst, nor fatigue, nor hardly of the heat, which, though it is but nine o'clock in the morning, is already tremendous.

First of all, having but just stepped ashore, they plunge into the Arab quarter of the town, passing through a labyrinth of foul lanes fenced in on either side by blank, windowless dwellings, that look as if they had all turned their backs to the street; and coming presently to thoroughfares of a somewhat better class, where the tall houses seem almost toppling together, and the latticed balconies all but touch, and the sky is narrowed to a mere ribbon of vivid ultramarine high overhead. Here are beggars at every corner, calling loudly upon Allah and the passer-by; donkey-boys, noisy, importunate, and picturesque; vagrant dogs, hungry and watchful; now and then a mounted Arab riding like mad, and scattering the foot-passengers before him right and left as he flies along. Here, too, are shops with open fronts and shadowy backgrounds; some gorgeous with silks and shawls; some rich with carpets; some fragrant with precious gums and spices; some glittering with sabres and daggers of Damascus. In each shop, sitting cross-legged on floor or counter, presides the turbaned salesman, smoking his silver-lidded pipe, and indifferent alike to custom and fate. Now comes a Moorish arch of delicate creamy stone, revealing glimpses of a shady court-yard set round with latticed windows, and inclosing a palm-tree and a fountain. One slender, quivering shaft of sunshine falls direct on the green leaves and sparkling water-drops, and on an earthen water-jar standing by—just such a jar as Morgiana may have filled up with boiling oil in the days of the good Caliph Haroun al Raschid. And now comes a string of splay-footed camels, noiseless and dogged-looking, laden with bundles of brush-wood as wide as the street, and led by shiny Nubian slaves, with white loin-cloths and turbans. Avoiding this procession our two Franks plunge into a dark arcade of shops, lighted from above. This is a bazar—one path in a catacomb of passages, all full of Oriental names, Oriental goods, and Oriental perfumes. Here are alleys where they sell nothing but slippers; alleys of jewels; alleys of furs, of tobacco, of silks, of sweetmeats and drugs, of books, of glass and ivory wares, of harness, of sponges, and even of printed Manchester goods, Sheffield cutlery, and Coventry ribbons. Here crowds a motley throng of Europeans and Asiatics; impatient Arabs, with the camel's-hair thread bound upon their brows; stately Moslems, turbaned and slip-

pered; Greeks, in crimson jackets and dingy white kilts; dervishes, in their high felt-caps; magnificent dragomen, in huge muslin trowsers; Armenians, Copts, Syrians, negroes, Jews of all climates, and travelers from every quarter of the globe.

The water-carrier, with his jar of sherbet on his head, tinkles his brass drinking-cups in the ears of the passers-by; the tart-seller offers his melon-puffs; and here, just leaving the fruit-shop, where she has doubtless been buying "Syrian apples and Othmanee quinces, peaches of Oman, and Egyptian limes," comes the fair Amine herself, followed by that identical porter who was "a man of sense, and had perused histories."

Wandering on thus in a dream of Arabian Nights, the young men, having fortified themselves with sherbet, presently mount a couple of very thorough-bred, high-spirited donkeys, and set off for the ruins of ancient Alexandria. These ruins lie out beyond the town-walls, amidst a sandy, dreary, hillocky waste that stretches far away for miles and miles beside the sparkling sea. Here they see Pompey's pillar, and Cleopatra's obelisk, and a wilderness of crumbling masonry clothed in a green and golden mantle of wild marigolds all in flower. Here, where once stood the temple of Serapis with its platform of a hundred steps, the wild sea-bird flits unmolested, and the jackals have their lair, and the travelers talk with bated breath of the glories of the Ptolemy.

At last, fairly tired out, our Franks are fain to strike their colors, and go back to the town. Here they put up at an English hotel, where they bathe, dine, and rest till evening; when they again sally forth—this time to call upon the English consul.

CHAPTER LXIX.

IN SEARCH OF A COMPANY.

THE consul was not at his office when the travelers presented themselves; but his representative, a very magnificent young clerk, resplendent in rings, chains, and a fez, was there instead. They found this official in the act of writing a letter, humming a tune, and smoking a cigar—all of which occupations he continued to pursue with unabated ardor, notwithstanding that Saxon presented himself before his desk.

"I shall be glad to speak to you, if you please," said Saxon, "when you are at leisure."

"No passport business transacted after two o'clock in the day," replied the clerk, without lifting his eyes.

"Mine is not passport business," replied Saxon.

The clerk hummed another bar, and went on writing.

Saxon began to lose patience.

"I wish to make a simple inquiry," said he; "and I will thank you to lay your pen aside for a moment while I do so."

The peremptory tone produced its effect. The clerk paused, looked up, lifted his eyebrows with an air of nonchalant insolence, and said:

"Why the deuce, then, don't you ask it?"

"I wish to know in what part of this city I shall find the offices of the New Overland Route Railway and Steam-Packet Company."

"What do you mean by the *New* Overland Route?" said the clerk.

"I mean a company so-called—a company which has lately established an office here in Alexandria."

"Never heard of any such company," said the clerk, "nor of any such office."

"Where, then, do you suppose I can obtain this information?"

"Well, I should say—nowhere."

"I think it is my turn to ask what you mean?" said Saxon, haughtily.

"My meaning is simple enough," replied the clerk, taking up his pen. "There is no *New* Overland Company in Alexandria."

"But I know that there *is* a company of that name," exclaimed Saxon.

The clerk shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, very well," said he. "If you know it, that's enough."

And with this he resumed his triple occupation.

At that moment a little glass door opened at the back of the office, and a bald-headed gentleman came out. He bowed.

"You are inquiring," he said, "for some commercial office, I believe? If you will permit me to offer a suggestion, I would advise your calling upon Mr. Melchisedek. Mr. Melchisedek is our great commercial authority in Alexandria. He knows every thing, and he knows every body. A man of universal information, and very courteous to strangers. You can not do better than call on Mr. Melchisedek."

"I am sure," said Saxon, "I am very much obliged to you."

"Not at all—not in the least. Mr. Melchisedek—any one will direct you. The Viceroy is not better known. Good-evening."

So saying the bald-headed gentleman bowed the travelers to the door and closed it behind them.

"Why, Trefalden," said the Earl, when they were once more in the street, "what interest can you possibly take in an Overland Company? It is some obscure undertaking, depend on it."

"It won't be obscure for long," replied Saxon, complacently. "It is a magnificent affair; and if the agents out here are keeping it quiet they have their own reasons for doing so."

"You seem to know all about it," said Castletowers, with some surprise.

"I know a good deal about it."

"And mean to take shares?"

"I have taken shares already," replied Saxon, "to a large amount."

Whereupon the Earl only looked grave, and said nothing.

FALSE HAIR, AND WHERE IT COMES FROM.

WHERE does it all come from? a spectator naturally asks, as he surveys the harvest of locks hanging in the windows of the fashionable hair-dressers, or disposed in every conceivable form on the heads of waxen dummies. And little does the spectator think of the Bluebeard's cupboard he is asking admittance to in putting this query. As a matter of course, all products required for the artificial decoration of the person find their way principally to Paris, and we accordingly find that city is the emporium of the trade in human hair. One hundred tons' weight of this precious ornament is, we are informed, annually taken there, whence it is distributed in a raw and manufactured state over the whole of Europe.

The collectors of hair on the Continent are generally peddlers, or persons moving about the country on some other business, to which they add the trade of hair purchasing. The fact that the agents employed in collecting this precious material have usually been ostensibly employed in some other occupation, would lead to the inference that the trade is not of the most reputable kind. In one part of France, however, there appears to have been no false shame on the part of the women, with respect to parting with their hair, and this for a very obvious reason. The peasant girls of Brittany cover the head with a picturesque white cap, which wholly hides the hair; hence from this quarter the sale of the article has been for a long time openly carried on. Mr. Francis Trollop, in his "Summer in Brittany," published a few years since, describes a most amusing scene at a fair in Collenée, where, he says, he saw several hair-dealers shearing the peasant girls like so many sheep. A crowd of fair Brittonnese surrounded each operator, and, as fast as sheared, he threw the long hair, tied up into a wisp, in a basket beside him. While he was operating on one the other girls stood waiting for their turn with their caps in their hands. The fashion which enforces the wearing of these close caps of course rendered these damsels callous to the loss of their hair, for which they generally got but a few sous, or a bright-colored cotton handkerchief. We have no doubt that even the simple Brittonnese have by this time become awake to the increased value of the article they have to sell, and that silk has taken the place of cotton in the exchange.

Spain and the north of Italy furnish considerable contributions to the collectors of jet-black locks. The main crops of the golden hair, now so much prized, come from Germany, and the yellow hair from Holland. In all Catholic countries one great source of supply is the convent. The splendid tresses the devotee dedicates to God somehow get back into the world again, and are offered up at the shrine of vanity. This hair is known in the trade as church hair.

Less false hair is used in England than in France; yet it is becoming almost a necessity every where. It is asserted that one woman in every ten in England uses more or less false hair with her own. The larger proportion of this comes from Paris, either raw or manufactured. The prevailing English color is brown, and as the home-grown article matches English heads better than any other it demands a proportionately higher price. When we say that the prevailing English color is brown, of course we refer to the better classes. There are, perhaps, a greater number of distinct shades of color in English hair than in that of any other country, and this is accounted for by the mixture of races of which English men and women are built up.

The flaxen hair of the Saxon, the blue-black of the Celt, and the reddish hair of the Dane predominate in special localities. Hair-merchants, by long experience, have acquired great proficiency in judging of the nationality of this article. This is done either by the sense of touch or smell. Some nations have much coarser hair than others; indeed, there is a constant difference both with respect to length and weight.

Light hair is much finer and softer, in general, than black and red. It is curious to see a hair-merchant take up a long tress, sniff a long sniff, and say at once where it came from. It is possible the chemical constituents of the material in some measure lead him to a conclusion, as there is always found to be an excess of sulphur and oxygen in fair hair, and an excess of carbon in black hair. Local odors also are great tell-tales. The *chiffonniers* who go about in Paris, morning and evening, picking out prizes from the gutter, have not overlooked human hair. By their agency the combings of the fair Parisienne are returned once more to the human head; no doubt there is a dust-heap odor the hair-merchant knows well.

But there is still another kind of hair, about which there is a deep mystery. A grim smile passes over the features of the hair-merchant as he tells you that a long "leech" of hair (for that is the trade name for the small parcels which are done up for sale after being prepared and cleansed) is known as church-yard hair! How this hair is obtained is a mystery which the trade does not care to fathom. When we so often hear of the desecration of church-yards, and the shoveling away of the old bones and decayed coffins, we may perhaps make a shrewd guess at the source from which this hair comes.

It must be remembered that hair is almost indestructible. There is a beautiful wig of auburn hair now in the British Museum, which had lain in the tomb of a Theban mummy for upward of two thousand years before it found its way to the national collection, yet that hair is as fresh as though it had just come from the hands of the hair-dresser, and the curl is so strong in it that it can not be taken out even by the application of heat.

There can be little doubt that the majority of the long English tresses come from the heads of criminals, who are compelled to part with their hair. Fever, also, places its contributions in the merchant's hands; and there are still other resources from which human hair is obtained, of a yet more repulsive nature; but enough has been said to show that when a lady buys false locks she little knows the curious and mysterious tale each individual hair possibly could tell her.

Raw hair comes from abroad in bales tied up in "leeches," and containing hairs of various lengths. The first step in its preparation is to cleanse it of its oily matter. This is done by rubbing it in fine sand, which completely absorbs all the fatty matter it contains. It is then carded by hand, the workman throwing the lock of hair with great rapidity over the iron teeth of the card, and speedily reducing it to a regular smoothness. The next step in the process is to select from the different "leeches" the different lengths of hair they contain; these lengths are then matched with others; and in this manner the "leech," as it is offered for sale, is perhaps the product of a dozen heads. The manufacturer has two markets to supply—the demand for simple uncurled locks for the purpose of plaiting, etc., with the natural hair, and curled hair, for the needs of the wig and front makers, and for the thousand and one fashionings in which hair-dressers now tempt our blooming belles. The curl is permanently fixed by twisting the hair tightly round small cylinders of wood, and then boiling them for a considerable time in water.

The rarer kinds of hair, both in color, quality, and length, are so valuable that they are sold even by the merchants by the ounce. The longer the hair is the more valuable, other conditions being equal. In general there is the greatest demand for the medium brown colors. But the precious colors are bright golden and white. We scarcely need look into the fashionable hair-dressers' windows to perceive that fair golden hair is now the rage. As very few persons, however, possess just the true tint, the true opalescent gold which changes with every motion of the head—the color, in short, which is the ideal of the poet—ladies are given to bleach their hair down to the required tone, and to mix, we may say flavor, their tresses with the precious hair, just as your fraudulent Hambro' sherry manufacturer flavors his made-up with a little of the true growth of Cadiz. This golden hair is now being sold by the ounce, at about three times the price of silver. But there is a rarer hair still. Youth and beauty in the race of vanity are outstripped by age. Gray hair is in great demand, and when fine and soft commands an almost fabulous price.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"BE not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside,"

is a trite but sensible maxim: and skillful they who hit the happy medium. A great deal is said (and with much truth) about the never-ending changes which imperious Fashion imposes upon ladies. Possibly, however, it is not *only* the ladies who are slaves to Fashion. The gentleman who promenades Fifth Avenue of a fine afternoon is quite as particular that his coat, vest, and pants should be of the latest "cut," and his cravat tied in the most stylish manner, as is the lady he salutes so gracefully that *her* apparel is fashionable. It is useless to inveigh against Fashion in a wholesale way. All are influenced by it; and variety in color and style is pleasing. The sterner sex may laugh at the ridiculous lengths to which some fair devotees of this fickle goddess carry their devotion; yet every gentleman likes to see the ladies of his own household well dressed. But it is in the power of every lady to exercise her own good taste to modify the extravagances of fashion, and to encourage by example a simple, tasteful mode of dress for ordinary occasions. It is really refreshing now and then to see a nice dress made with a plain, untrimmed skirt. Enormous sums are expended on trimmings, regardless of the fact that *good taste* should decide whether the dress is improved or not by lace, ribbon, velvet, etc., arranged fantastically around the skirt. To our thinking many a dress is spoiled by this indiscriminate adornment. To all, with large or limited means, whose inclination inclines to mere display, we suggest that there is much good sense in Shakspeare's words:

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man"——

or woman!

We are happy to see, in glancing over the latest Paris fashions, that there is some prospect of fashion assisting good taste. It is stated that "simplicity in the trimming of dresses is now very much adopted by ladies of good taste. It is not now as it was last year, when the trimmings cost frequently double the price of the dress; but, although many moire, taffetas, and even muslin dresses are made plain, it is by no means a rule without exception."

We give one style of dinner or soirée dress which is simple.

A spotted moire antique dress, of a deep shade, quite plain, with a train. The body made with basques, and fastened with steel buttons.

One must not be too sanguine of a sudden revolution, however—the following quite throws our plain dress into the shade:

A ball dress of white tulle, with twenty narrow double quillings, forming flounces. Every here and there upon these is placed a large pouff of white satin ribbon, serving as a nest for a small bright-colored bird. There are sixteen of these ornaments.

Hats are still so much in request that bonnets for the moment are almost overlooked. Still there are some elegant new models, mostly of the chapeau Empire, which is decidedly in the ascendant. Felt is talked about as the morning bonnet for the coming winter, the favorite color being light-gray, trimmed with black or cherry-colored velvet, and long square veil—the shape that of the Empire modified.

A young Miss of some twelve years exhibited a somewhat unique dress in Broadway the other day. She had dispensed with her crinoline, and the drooping folds of her drapery contrasted markedly with the expanded skirts of other promenaders. Her dress was of rich scarlet cashmere, heavily embroidered in black, and quite short, displaying scarlet and white Balmoral stockings and high boots. A short, black velvet sacque, and pretty white hat, trimmed with narrow scarlet ribbon, completed her outfit, which attracted considerable attention.

Whether the following is an old or a new story we know not. Certain it is that it teaches a good lesson. Many a person who, in the hour of sudden temptation, has fallen, would gladly live an honest life if but one kind hand were stretched forth to help him rise. But the almost universal custom is to give no trust to those whose characters are in any way tarnished; and woe betide the friendless man or woman whose foot slips in the rough path of life!

A "CONVENTIONAL PREJUDICE."—Some years ago a bachelor let it be known to his baker, butcher, and grocer that he wanted a body-servant. He received fifty applications a day; none of them suited. One morning, while he was hard at work in his study—it was about five o'clock A.M., in winter—somebody knocked at the door. He opened it.

"I am told that you wish a confidential servant, Sir."

"Yes, and you think you are the man I want; you have first-rate recommendations, and lived, I dare say, ten years in your place."

"No, Sir; I am just out of jail."

You may imagine the astonishment of M. Legouve.

"Just out of jail?"

"Yes, Sir; I loved a woman who required money; she pressed me every day to give her money. I gave her all I earned honestly—was not enough—I thieved to gratify her covetousness. I was arrested, tried, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary for three years, which expired last Saturday."

"Do you think that a recommendation to a place as confidential servant?"

"Yes, Sir; a man who has lost his character by an hour of folly will be on his guard against temptation. Besides, I know that I am at heart an honest man."

There was in the fellow's tone such an honest accent that M. Legouve took him at once, and has never since repented it. The released convict has now the keys of the house, pays all the bills, and does all the marketing. M. Legouve says his household expenses are 33⅓ per cent. less than they were.

Winter is stealing on with silent steps. Eastern papers report that six inches of snow fell the other day at Ashland, Maine; and that the snow in the woods about there is fifteen inches deep. Still nearer, at Troy, it snowed last week.

The new comic opera, "Crispino e la Comare," is a decided success, and has been received with great enthusiasm. While there is little in the plot of this opera to awaken interest, the music is charming in every respect, and brimming over with genuine humor, and perfectly irresistible fun. The lovers of music and of fun find it thoroughly enjoyable.

When once a sense of degradation has taken possession of an individual or of a race it is no easy matter to eradicate it. There is much reality in the feeling indicated in the following somewhat humorous anecdote:

WORK IN HEAVEN.—A colored man was so convinced of the lowliness of his position—that labor was his natural lot—that he was even indifferent as to a future state, believing that "they'd make niggers work, even if he go to heben." A clergyman tried to argue him out of his opinion, by representing that this could not be the case, as there was absolutely no work for him to do in heaven. His answer was, "Oh, you go way, massa, I knows better. If dere's no work for colored folks dere, dey'll make 'em shub de clouds away."

Gentlemen are always losing umbrellas, just as ladies are always losing parasols and muffs, to say nothing of gloves and handkerchiefs. Now that the cold weather is approaching we recommend the ladies to keep an eye and a *hand* on their muffs. Furs are not to be laughed at nowadays—even an ordinary set costs a small fortune; and those who have a tendency toward thieving are on the look-out.

ABOUT A MUFF.—A scene took place in one of the city cars the other day. A lady stepped from the platform of the car, and the bell sounded the word "Go ahead." In a moment the lady was seen in full chase after the car. Kind men on the sidewalk passed the word along, and the car was stopped. Out of breath, and hot with the chase, the pursuing lady announced the loss of her mink muff in the car. Search was made. All arose but one female, who did not stir, but whose countenance indicated contempt for a woman who could make such a fuss about a muff. The conductor asked her to rise. She did so, but no muff was seen on her seat. The keen eye of a lady saw a tassel peeping out from under the standing woman's skirts, and pulling at the tassel it was found that the reluctant lady had her feet on the muff, and but for the tell-tale tassel she would have claimed it as her own. With a pout she gave up the muff and, at the same time, her seat, and took the next car down town. She was quite well dressed, and would have passed for a lady any where.

The latest whim of fashion in Europe is for ladies to increase the height of the forehead by artificial means. The foreign papers have a plenteous supply of advertisements of waters for the purpose of destroying the hair on the forehead at once and forever. The less expert, or more economical, shave, and have a hideous blue mark, like the result of a razor over a rough beard.

The following item gives a lamentable view of Parisian life, since a similar record, doubtless, might be given every day:

THE SUICIDES OF A DAY.—A French journal gives the following list of suicides, or attempts at suicide, in Paris, proceeding from love of one kind or another, in a single day. Mr. B——, a Florentine by birth, destroyed himself with carbonic acid gas, because he could not endure the refusal of a young lady whom he passionately loved. Another person, also an Italian, flung himself out of the six-story window of a house because he experienced a similar refusal. Another, M. Auguste V——, having lost a few days previously a wife to whom he was devotedly attached, at two o'clock in the day he went to the grave where his wife was buried, and after a long prayer he drew forth a pistol and shot himself in the heart. He left eight children. Edouard F——, a young man aged nineteen, was seized as he was about to throw himself into the Seine, because he felt weary of life since the death of his mother.

Those who desire to enter into the matrimonial state may find it less embarrassing to come to a definite understanding with each other *before* the time for the ceremony arrives. We once knew of a lady who made special arrangements with the clergyman to leave the "obey" out of the formula on the occasion of her marriage. But unless there is an arrangement beforehand, experiments at the altar are hazardous.

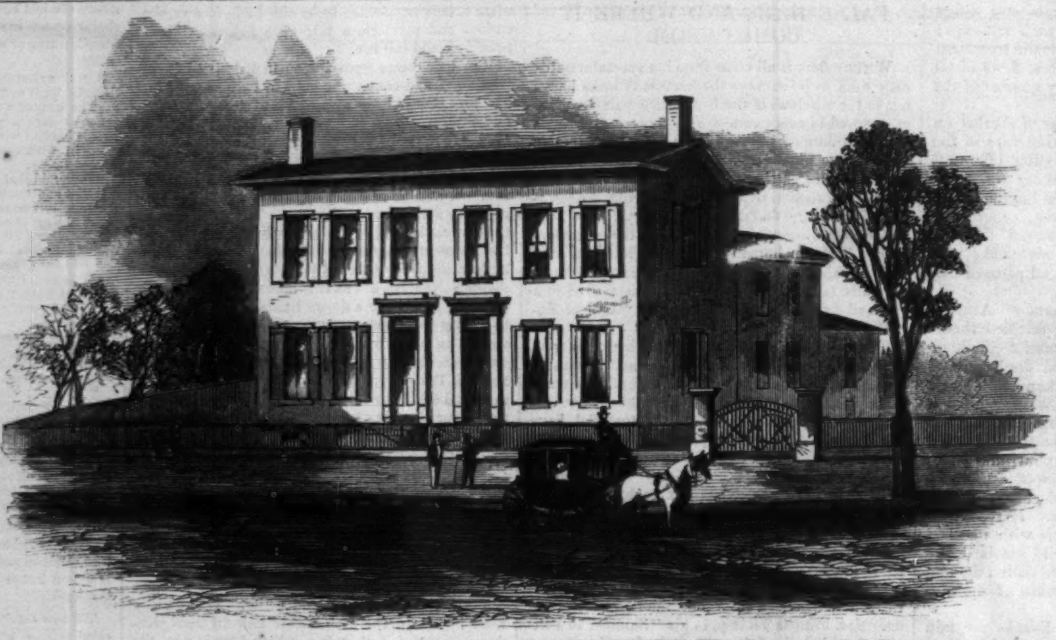
A MARRIAGE CEREMONY SUSPENDED.—The other day, in accordance with previous arrangement, a couple attended at St. Osyth Church, Colchester, for the purpose of being united in wedlock. All went well until the clergyman required the bridegroom to repeat after him the words, "I, ——, take —— to be my wedded wife....for better, for worse," etc., when, with ill-timed levity, he altered the formula to "I'll take her for better, but not for worse." The reverend gentleman immediately closed the book and quitted the church.

A story is just now circulating through the German newspapers which illustrates the Continental idea of an English peer:

A REAL ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.—Lord S. is an amateur boxer, who prides himself upon his strength and dexterity in pugilism. Dining one day with the great banker R., Lord S. heard some stories of the prowess of a farm laborer on the estate, and at once made a note of the man's name and address. Next morning his lordship mounted his horse and rode off in search of the celebrated athlete. He found him digging in his garden. "My good fellow," said the peer, dismounting and pulling off his gloves, "I've heard a great deal of your strength and skill; let us have a fight." The laborer looked at his visitor for a moment without speaking; and then suddenly grappling with him flung him over the hedge. "I say, my good man," cried Lord S., as soon as he recovered his senses, "will you do me a favor?" "What, haven't you had enough yet?" exclaimed the laborer, sulkily. "Oh yes, as far as I am personally concerned, but please throw my horse over too."

THE RESIDENCE OF GRANT'S FATHER.

WE give on this page an illustration representing the residence of General GRANT'S father at Covington, Kentucky. This house is of course General GRANT'S stopping-place when he is in that vicinity. The association that must be linked with the place in the thought and affections of our Lieutenant-General also make it a very dear and interesting place to all of us. We have from a member of the family a certificate of the authenticity and correctness of the sketch sent us by our artist Mr. E. P. FRAZER, of Cincinnati.



RESIDENCE OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT'S FATHER AT COVINGTON, KY.—[SKETCHED BY E. P. FRAZER.]

THE EXECUTION OF CHAMP FERGUSON.

CHAMP FERGUSON, the notorious guerrilla, suffered the death-penalty on the 20th of October. The emotions excited by the career and final fate of this man are those of mingled pity and horror—pity for the brutal wretch himself, and horror on account of the revelation which his life affords as to the possibilities of human cruelty. The wounded, the sick, the aged, and even helpless childhood, were not spared from his brutal murders.

Up to within a short period before his execution he was as profane and reckless as ever before. "He appeared," says a Western paper, "as braced against every feeling of humanity, as when, with his own hand, he murdered the venerable old man who had cradled him on his knee, and to whom he was indebted for a thousand favors."

Efforts were made, and with some success, to extract from FERGUSON the details of his career. He claims to have been a Union man up to the battle of Bull Run. His brother JAMES then joined the Federals, and he the Confederates. The former was killed in battle. He thought, he says, that he was engaged in legitimate warfare. "We were having a sort of miscellaneous war up there, through Fentress County, Tennessee, Clinton County, Kentucky, and all through that region. Every man was in danger of his life: if I hadn't killed my neighbor he would have killed me. Each of us had from twenty to fifty proscribed enemies, and it was regarded as legitimate to kill them at any time, at any place, under any circumstances, even if they were wounded or on a sick-bed."

FERGUSON admitted the truth of nearly all the specific charges made against him. In most cases he claimed that those murdered would have killed him at sight if he had not disposed of them. He looked upon his approaching and violent end with great coolness. He was nearly forty-four years old. His wife and daughter were with him the day before his execution. They were very much affected at parting with him, but he preserved his usual coolness up to the last moment.

CHAMP was very anxious that his body should not be given to the doctors to be cut up; in fact, this was the burden of his speech on the scaffold.

WADE HAMPTON.

AT the beginning of the war WADE HAMPTON was among the first of the aristocrats of South Carolina. He was a man of fortune, being among the richest of Southern planters, and the largest slaveholder in the South. He was born in Charleston in 1818. His grandfather, WADE HAMPTON, was an eminent military officer, and in the Revolutionary war served with distinction under SUMTER and MARION; he was also a member of Congress from South Carolina from 1795 to 1797, and again from 1803 to 1805; in 1813 he was made Major-General, but his career was somewhat blemished by his insubordination. He was forever "seceding" from the authorities placed over him, and is said to have frustrated the attack on Montreal by his refusal to co-operate with General WILKINSON, with whom he had been long in enmity.

The present WADE HAMPTON'S father was also a military man, and served in the war of 1812. The son, the subject of our sketch, was educated at South Carolina college. While a young man he married the youngest daughter of General FRANCIS PRESTON, of Virginia, by whom he had three children, two of whom became officers in the rebel army. His present wife is the daughter of Governor M'DUFFIE, of South Carolina.

The pursuits of HAMPTON before the war were exclusively agricultural, though he served in both branches of the Legislature of his State with some distinction. His argument against the opening of the African slave-trade was one of his greatest efforts.

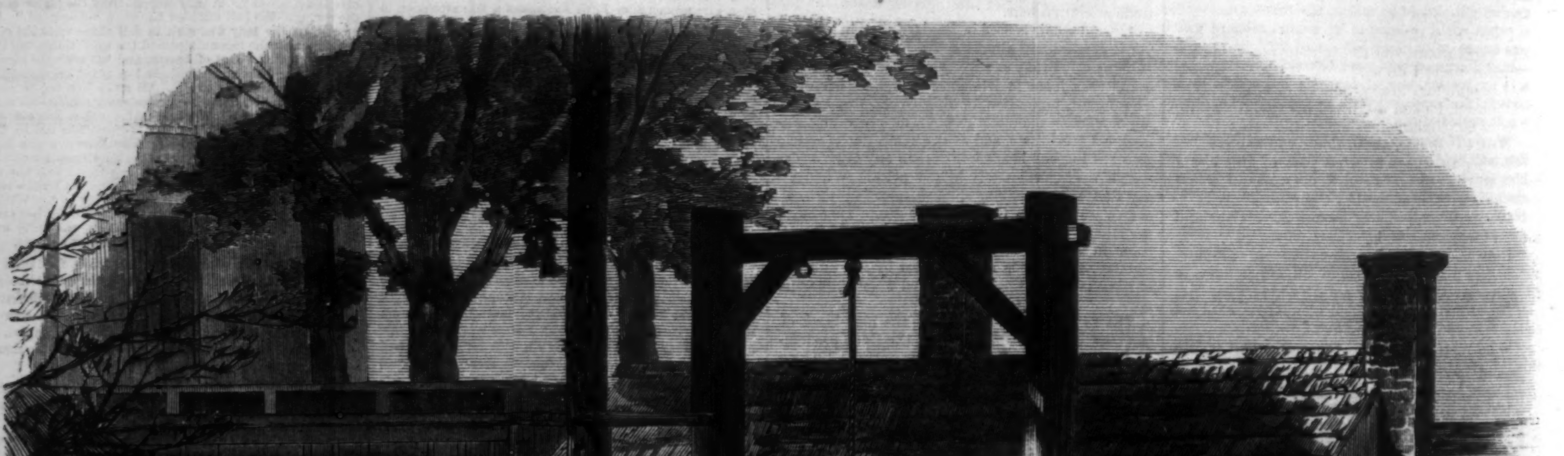
When the war commenced he raised a legion—called the Hampton Legion—consisting of six companies of infantry, with which he arrived in Virginia in time for the battle of Bull Run, where he was wounded in the head. Of this Legion, 800 strong, 110 were killed or wounded in this battle. In the battle of Seven Pines Colonel HAMPTON was again wounded—this time in the foot.

HAMPTON was then promoted to the position of Brigadier-General of cavalry under Major-General STUART. He took a prominent part in the invasion of Pennsylvania in 1862 and 1863. In the battle of Gettysburg he was wounded three times. In the action on the Boydton plank-road, October 27, 1864, he attacked the national force in the rear in co-operation with MAHONE'S attack in front. One of his sons was wounded in this affair, and another was killed.

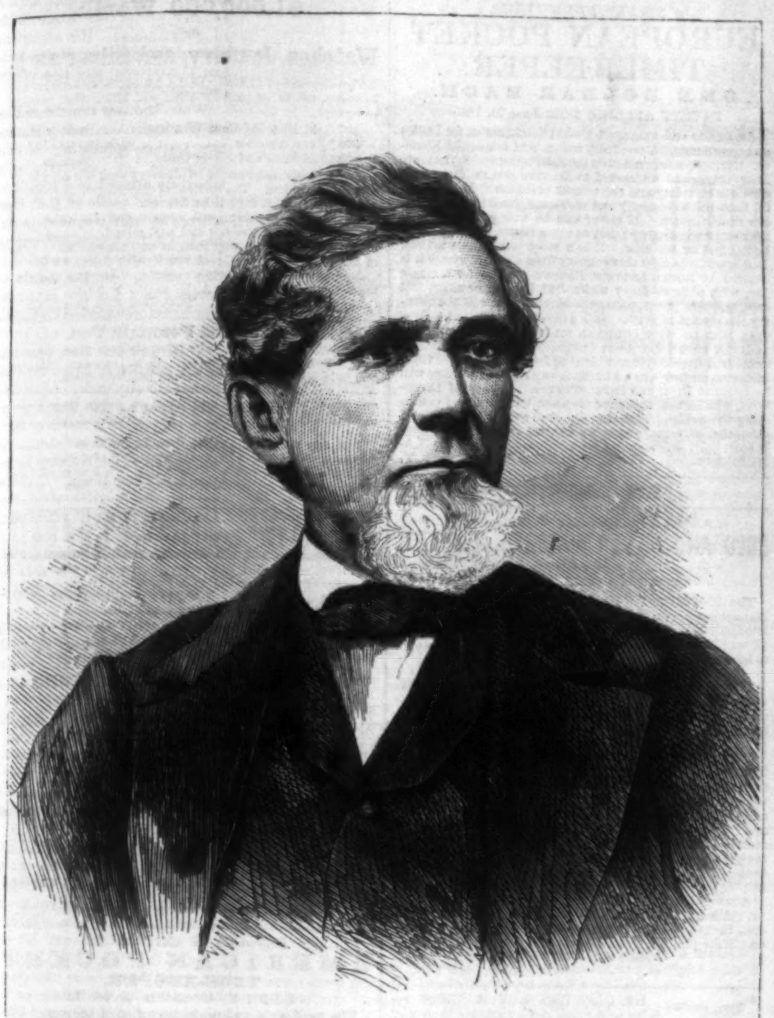
HAMPTON was well fitted for success as a cavalry officer, having been all his life passionately fond of field sports, and being possessed of a wonderful organ of locality, becoming acquainted instantly and almost instinctively with all the features of whatever locality he may happen to pass over.

Major NICHOLS, in his interesting "Story of SHERMAN'S Great March," gives the following description of WADE HAMPTON, as he appeared in the interview with General KILPATRICK on the occasion of JOE JOHNSTON'S surrender:

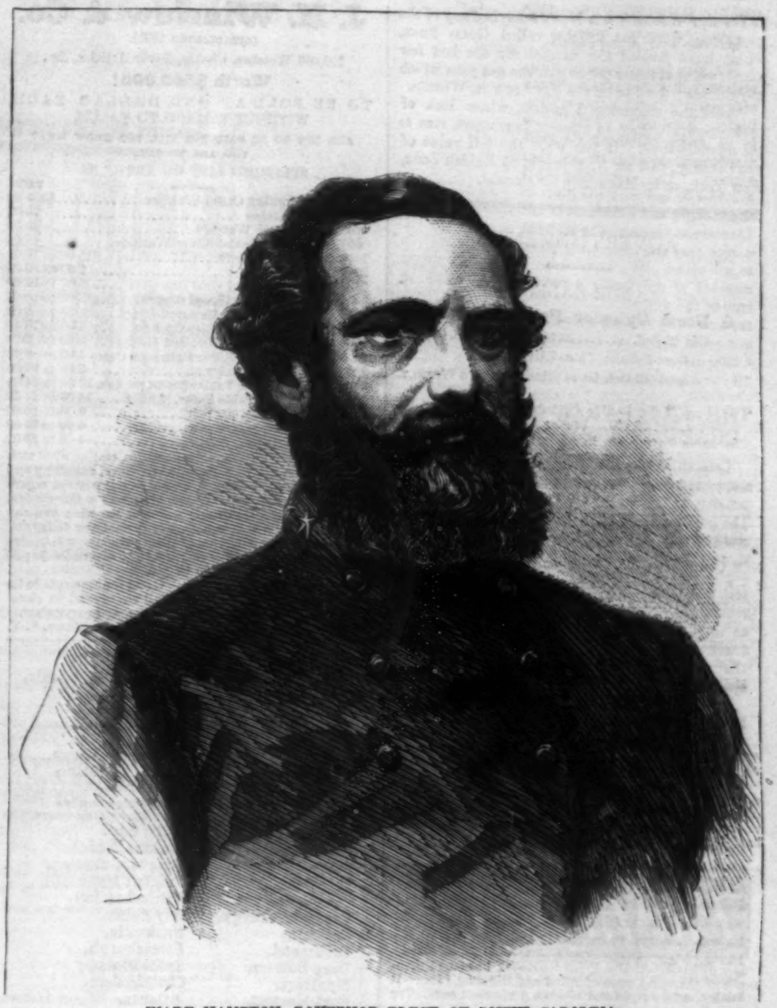
"WADE HAMPTON, a large and powerful man, gave but little opportunity for the critical examination of the graces of his person; for during the morning he lay stretched in an indifferent manner upon an old carpenter's bench by the side of the house; and when he afterward followed his superior out of the inclosure, dangling after him an immense sword which must have been imported for the occasion, either nature or his tailor, or both, gave him an appearance of vulgarity and clumsiness which surprised those who had been educated to believe that a South Carolinian who owned many



EXECUTION OF CHAMP FERGUSON, THE GUERRILLA, AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, OCTOBER 20, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY J. M. ARNOLD.]



GOVERNOR JAMES M. WELLS, OF LOUISIANA.—[Photographed by Moses & Piffet, New Orleans.]



WADE HAMPTON, GOVERNOR ELECT OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

slaves was necessarily an elegant and refined gentleman. It should be said of Hampton's face—that is, what could be seen of it, behind a beard which was unnaturally black for a man fifty years of age —that it seemed bold even beyond arrogance; and this expression was, if possible, intensified by the boastful fanfaronade which he continued during the whole period of the conference."

Wade Hampton, as the Governor of South Carolina, will hold an important position, which will give him much power for good or evil. As he has been elected under the auspices of the working-men of his State, we hope that he will administrate the State government in the interest of labor rather than of capital.

GOVERNOR WELLS AND LOUISIANA POLITICS.

The politics of Louisiana have long been a vexation of spirit. General Banks established a Government based upon a small number of voters, and Michael Hahn was elected Governor. The Legislature afterward elected Mr. Hahn United States Senator, but he has never taken his seat. The Lieutenant-Governor, James Madison Wells, assumed the chair, and seems to have been tacitly recognized by the Administration, very much as Governor Peirpont was in Virginia. The Banks Government has been for some months the only *de facto* one in the State, and an election is now to be held for Governor and other State officers.

There are two parties in the field: the "National Conservative Union party" and the "National Democratic party," and each party has set forth its principles. The "National Democratic party" declares that the late issue was made "openly, manfully, and honorably," and that, having failed, the party now frankly supports the Federal Government under the Constitution. It declares that the Democratic is the only Union party; approves the views of President Johnson as it interprets them; asserts that ours is a white man's Government; repudiates the Banks Constitution as a creation of fraud, violence, and corruption, but yields to the necessity of recognizing it as the only existing civil Government; asks compensation for the losses caused by emancipation; advocates economy, the repeal of laws inharmonious with the United States Constitution, a labor system to relieve the planters and the people, and an early general amnesty and prompt restitution of property.

The National Conservative Union party "proudly hails" the restoration of the national authority; approves President Johnson's policy; declares that the allegiance of every American citizen is primarily due to the National Government; repudiates the doctrine of secession; opposes the rebel State war debt; supports the national debt incurred in suppressing the rebellion; opposes the political equality of "the African;" favors economy and a just regulation of labor; advocates a general amnesty and repeal of the confiscation law; opposes ostracism for nativity or religious opinion; and recommends relief to those who living beyond the national protection have been taxed by the rebellion.

Both parties nominate Mr. Wells for Governor, knowing that his immense official patronage in the present state of affairs would probably secure his election. Mr. Wells has accepted both nominations. The Democrats have selected the rest of their candidates for their devotion to the rebel cause. The National Union men have selected theirs for their devotion to the Union. The spirit of each party may be readily discerned in their resolutions, and from his speeches, as reported, Mr. Wells seems to be more in sympathy with the National Democratic than the National Conservative Union platform.

The test of the relative strength of the parties will be the vote for Lieutenant-Governor. The Union men have nominated J. G. Taliaferro, and the Democrats Albert Vorhies. It is fair to presume that, as in Mississippi and South Carolina, the candidates most closely identified with the rebellion will be elected.

CRADLE SONG.

Soft the twilight shadows fall,
The birds to the sunbeams tenderly call,
Sleep, baby, sleep!
In the purple lustre rich and rare,
In the hush of the evening, dreamy and fair,
Lovingly folded in mother's care,
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Now the busy day is past,
My little darling is weary at last,
Sleep, precious one, sleep!
Quiet the restless, dimpled feet;
Hushed the prattle so dainty and sweet;
But mother's ears hear the little heart beat—
Sleep, dearie, sleep!

Had ever baby eyes so blue,
And cheeks like rose-buds washed in dew?
Sleep, darling, sleep!
While twilight wanes in slumber he'll lie,
But soon will awake with a tender cry,
And smile with delight to find mother nigh—
Sleep, baby, sleep!

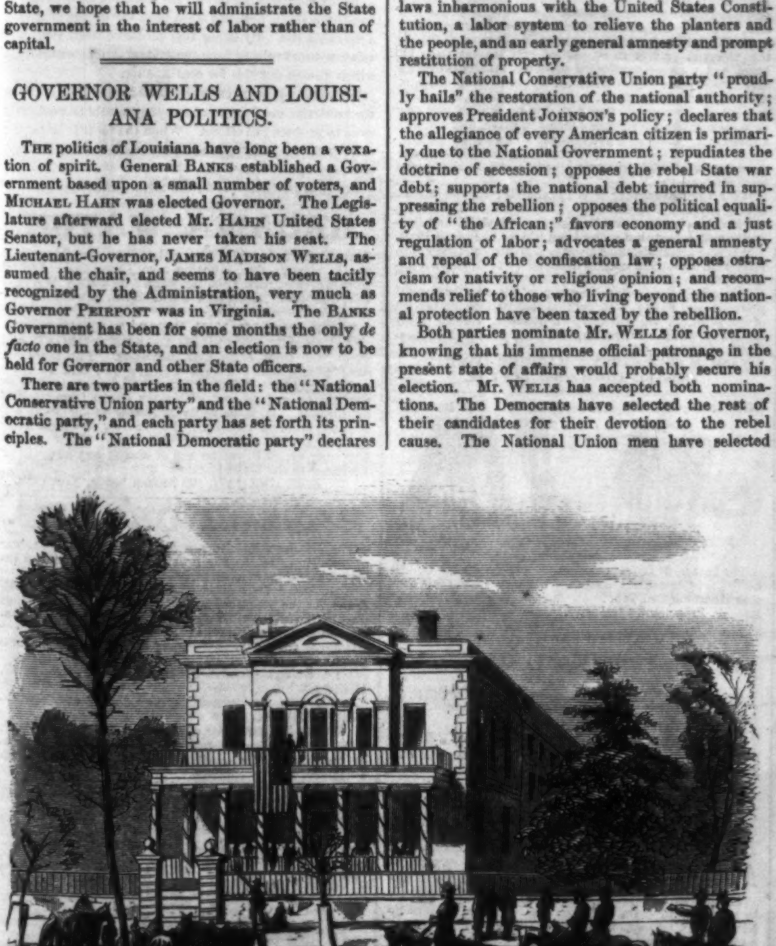
Bending low in a languor of joy
I drink to the breath of my angel-boy—
Sleep, precious one, sleep!
Deep where the heart-throbs come and go,
I fold him tenderly, tenderly so,
Murmuring blessings soft and low—
Sleep, baby, sleep!

THE IVY LEAF.

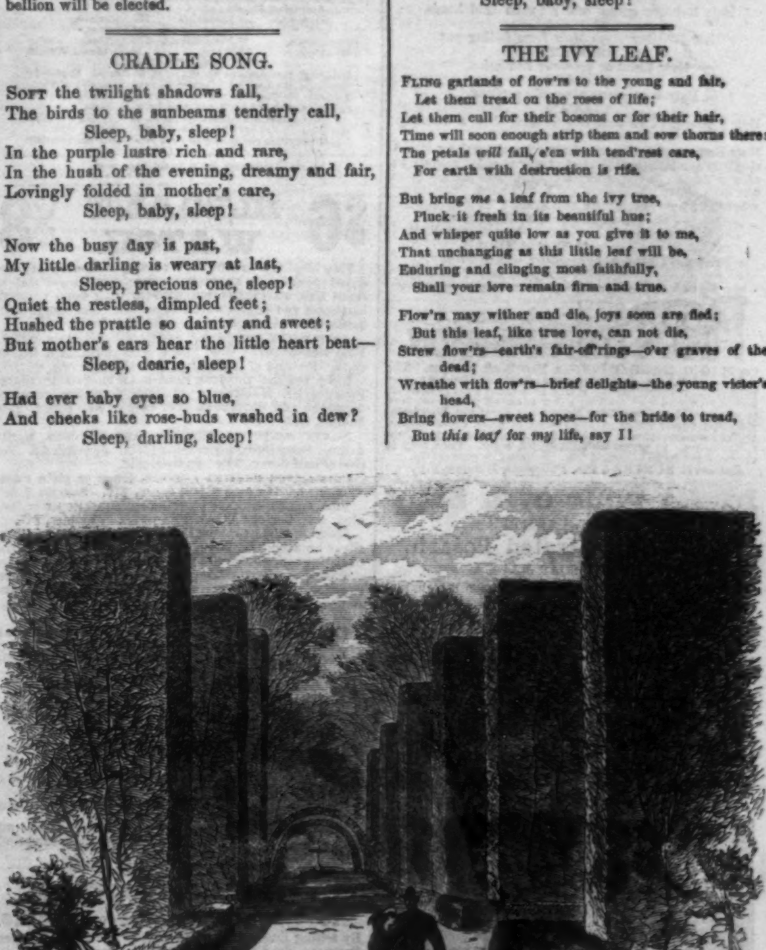
Fling garlands of flow'rs to the young and fair,
Let them tread on the roses of life;
Let them cull for their bosoms or for their hair,
Time will soon enough strip them and sow thorns there:
The petals *will* fall, e'en with tend'rest care,
For earth with destruction is rife.

But bring *me* a leaf from the ivy tree,
Pluck it fresh in its beautiful hue;
And whisper quite low as you give it to me,
That unchanging as this little leaf will be,
Enduring and clinging most faithfully,
Shall your love remain firm and true.

Flow'rs may wither and die, joys soon are fled;
But this leaf, like true love, can not die,
Strew flow'rs—earth's fair-off'rings—o'er graves of the dead;
Wreathe with flow'rs—brief delights—the young victor's head,
Bring flowers—sweet hopes—for the bride to tread,
But *this leaf* for *my* life, say I!



VIEW OF WADE HAMPTON'S RESIDENCE, COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.



WADE HAMPTON'S GARDEN, COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

DO NOT WASTE YOUR MONEY buying any of the numerous worthless articles called GOLD PENS, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the BEST IN THE WORLD.

Avoid the shameless Upstarts, whose lack of brains compels them to attempt IMITATION, *even to the advertisement*. If you want the full value of your money, call on A. MORTON, 25 Maiden Lane, New York, or inclose stamp for circular.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE.

A Drum Cylinder Printing-Press.

Size of Bed............36¼×51¼ inches.

Four Rollers; Table Distribution.

Has been used till Oct. 1st to print HARPER'S WEEKLY. Price $2000.

Also, One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38×51. Price $3500.

The above Presses are in good working order, and are offered for sale in consequence of the increased circulation of HARPER'S WEEKLY requiring the "Lightning Press." Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl Street, New York.

MATILDA TOOTS.

NEW COMIC SONG, 35c. With picture, colored ..... 50c.
I CAN NOT SING THE OLD SONGS.................. 30c.
SUNLIGHT WITHIN MY HEART .... 35c.
HAVE YOU SEEN HER LATELY? (comic) .... 35c.
SOLDIERS' HAPPY RETURN, Mazourka .... 30c.
IT WAS MY MOTHER'S VOICE .... 35c.

Mailed postpaid. FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery, New York.

"KIT-TA-TINNY."

THE HORACE WATERS Grand, Square, and Upright PIANOS, MELODEONS, and CABINET ORGANS. Wholesale and Retail. To let, and rent allowed if purchased. Monthly payments received for the same. Second hand pianos at bargains from $60 to $225. Factory and warerooms, No. 481 Broadway, N. Y. Cash paid for second-hand Pianos. Pianos tuned and repaired. HORACE WATERS.

Pile Remedy.

DR. STRICKLAND'S PILE REMEDY has cured thousands of the worst cases of Blind and Bleeding Piles. It gives immediate relief and effects a permanent cure. Try it directly. It is warranted to cure.
For sale by all Druggists. Fifty Cents per Bottle.

Cough's

DR. STRICKLAND'S MELLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM is warranted to cure Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping-Cough, Sore Throat, Consumption, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.
For sale by Druggists. Fifty Cents per Bottle.

CLOCK'S
Hair Restorer restores gray hair.
CLOCK'S
Hair Restorer makes hair grow on bald heads.
CLOCK'S
Hair Restorer stops Hair from falling out.
CLOCK'S
Hair Restorer prevents headache.
CLOCK'S
Hair Rastorer is elegantly perfumed.
CLOCK'S
Hair Restorer is all that can be desired as a dressing.
CLOCK'S
Hair Restorer possesses all the merits claimed for it. A single trial convinces the most skeptical of its value. If, after a thorough trial of two bottles, it does not give perfect satisfaction, the money will be refunded. Sold every where at $1 per bottle; six bottles for $5.
DR. F. B. CLOCK, Proprietor, Manchester, N. H.
H. T. HELMBOLD, Drug and Chemical Warehouse, 594 Broadway, Agent, New York City.

PRESTIDIGITATION

Or, MAGIC MADE EASY,—a New Book, just out. The most complete book on Legerdemain, Slight of Hand, &c., ever published. Nothing like it. It tells how to cut a man's head off, and put it a yard from his body; how to cut off your nose; how to eat fire; Laughing Gas; Rope-tying Feat; the Wonderful Hat; and nearly 200 other astounding Magical, Chemical, and Optical performances of the best Magicians, Wizards, and Prestidigitateurs. 64 pages, with illustrated cover. Price only 20 cents; eight for $1—mailed free. *Satisfaction guaranteed.* Address E. HUNTER & CO., Publishers, Hinsdale, N.H.

Make your own Soap
WITH B. T. BABBITT'S
Pure Concentrated Potash,
OR READY SOAP MAKER.

Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or ley in the market. Put up in cans of 1 pound, 2 pounds, 3 pounds, 6 pounds, and 12 pounds, with full directions in English and German for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make 15 gallons of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest potash in market.
B. T. BABBITT, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington St., N.Y.

GOLD PENS.—The best Pen for the least money is the Johnson Pen—warranted for one year—14 carats fine. Also, every variety of Pen-holders on hand. Pens repointed on receipt of 50 cts. Pens sent by mail. Send for Circular. E. S. JOHNSON, Manufactory and Office No. 15 Maiden Lane, New York.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS' STEEL PENS.
TRADE MARK JOSEPH GILLOTT, WITH Designating Numbers
HENRY OWEN, SOLE AGENT. MANUFACTURERS' WAREHOUSE, 91 JOHN ST. NEW YORK

J. H. Winslow & Co.
(ESTABLISHED 1860).
100,000 Watches, Chains, Silver Articles, &c.,
Worth $500,000!
TO BE SOLD AT ONE DOLLAR EACH, WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE,
AND NOT TO BE PAID FOR TILL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO GET.
SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES.

	EACH.
100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$115 00
100 Gold Watches	70 00
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	40 00
600 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	18 00
1000 Revolving Castors	$15 00 to 18 00
3000 Drinking-Cups	7 00 to 10 00
5000 Oval and Chased Gold Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00
3000 Vest, Neck, and Guard Chains	5 00 to 10 00
3000 Ladies' California Diamond Rings	3 00 to 8 00
8000 Magic Spring and Snap Lockets	4 00 to 10 00
10000 Gold Pens, Silver-Mounted Holders	4 00 to 5 00
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases	4 00 to 6 00
8000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00
5000 Tea, Dessert, & Table Spoons, per doz.	12 00 to 24 00
5000 Dessert and Table Forks, per doz.	14 00 to 24 00
4000 Butter Knives, per pair	6 00 to 10 00
3000 Napkin Rings, per pair	6 00 to 10 00
31000 Other Articles	4 00 to 10 00

Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up and mixed; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not. One of these envelepes will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents; 5 for $1; eleven for $2; 30 for $5; 65 for $10; and 100 for $15.

Agents wanted every where. Great inducements to ladies and gents to act as such. Fail not to send for circular, which gives special terms, full list, and particulars.
Address J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, N. Y.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
Manufacturers of Photographic Materials,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
501 BROADWAY, N. Y.

In addition to our main business of PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS, we are headquarters for the following, viz.:
Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views.
Of these we have an immense assortment, including
VIEWS OF THE WAR,
Obtained at great expense and forming a complete PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE GREAT UNION CONTEST

Bull Run,	Dutch Gap,
Yorktown,	Pontoon Trains,
Gettysburgh,	Hanover Junction,
Fair Oaks,	Lookout Mountain,
Savage Station,	Chickahominy,
Fredericksburgh,	City Point,
Fairfax,	Nashville,
Richmond,	Petersburgh,
Deep Bottom,	Bello Plain,
Monitors,	Chattanooga,
Fort Morgan,	Atlanta,
Charleston,	Mobile,
Florida.	Strawberry Plains, &c. &c.

American and Foreign Cities and Landscapes, Groups, Statuary, &c., &c. Also, Revolving Stereoscopes, for public or private exhibition. Our Catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt of Stamp.

Photographic Albums.

We were the first to introduce these into the United States and we manufacture immense quantities in great variety, ranging in price from 50 cents to $50. Our ALBUMS have the reputation of being superior in beauty and durability to any other.—They will be sent by mail, FREE, on receipt of price.

☞ FINE ALBUMS MADE TO ORDER. ☜

The Trade will find our Albums the most Saleable they can buy.

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS.

Our Catalogue now embraces over FIVE THOUSAND different subjects (to which additions are continually being made) of Eminent Americans, &c., viz: about

100 Maj-Gens.	100 Lieut-Cols.	650 Statesmen,
100 Brig "	250 other Officers,	130 Divines,
275 Colonels,	75 Navy Officers,	125 Authors,
40 Artists	125 Stage,	50 Prominent Women.

3,000 Copies of Works of Art,
Including reproductions of the most celebrated Engravings, Paintings, Statues, &c. Catalogues sent on receipt of Stamp. An order for One Dozen Pictures from our Catalogue, will be filled on receipt of $1.80, and sent by mail, FREE.
Photographers and others ordering goods C. O. D., will please remit twenty-five per cent. of the amount with their order.
☞ The prices and quality of our goods cannot fail to satisfy.

"KIT-TA-TINNY."

$6 ELEGANT WATCH. $8

Fine imported watches for the *retail trade* at greatly reduced prices. A BEAUTIFUL *silver double-case watch*, small size, EXCELLENT TIMEKEEPER, with GOLD LOCKET, handsome vest CHAIN, KEY, &c., to each. Per case of half dozen, $30. A sample one free by mail for $6.

AN ELEGANT *gold-plated engraved double-case watch*. Fine timekeeper. Gold locket, vest chain, key, &c., to each. Per case of half dozen, $42. Sample one, $8.

FINE DOUBLE HUNTING-CASE GOLD-PLATED WATCHES. Fancy styles. Magic cases. Fine ruby jeweled movements, regulated and warranted. Per case of half dozen, $60. Sample, $12.

SILVER COMPOSITE HUNTING-CASE WATCHES, MAGIC CASES. Beautifully engraved or plain. Jeweled, &c. Per case of half dozen, $60. Sample, $12.

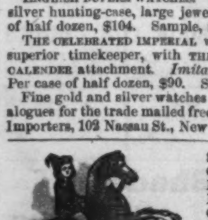
COIN SILVER HUNTING LEPINES, fancy or plain cases, warranted. Per case of half dozen, $72. Sample, $15.

FINE SILVER ENGLISH HUNTING-LEVERS. Superior, jeweled, &c. Per case of half dozen, $90. Samples, $20.

ENGLISH DUPLEX WATCHES. Fancy movements. Extra silver hunting-case, large jewels. Warranted. Per case of half dozen, $104. Sample, $25.

THE CELEBRATED IMPERIAL WATCH, a wonderful article, superior timekeeper, with THERMOMETER, COMPASS, and CALENDER attachment. *Imitation of a $200 gold watch.* Per case of half dozen, $90. Sample, $20.

Fine gold and silver watches of every description. Catalogues for the trade mailed free. CATELY BROTHERS, Importers, 102 Nassau St., New York. (Established 1855.)



Spring Rocking-Horses.
Cantering Horses.
Baby-Tenders.
Patent Swings.
Children's Carriages.
Drums, Sleds, and Toys.
LEWIS TIBBALS, 510 Broadway, Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
N.B.—Invalid Chairs and Propellers on hand and made to order.

Agents Wanted.

$10 A Day easy made $10.

By selling Engravings, Card Photographs, and Stationery Packets. Send stamp for Catalogue, Terms, &c.
HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman Street, N. Y.

MUTAVIRO
THE MOST DELICIOUS OF ALL PERFUMES
SOLD EVERY WHERE

A SCIENTIFIC WONDER.
EUROPEAN POCKET TIMEKEEPER.
ONE DOLLAR EACH.
PATENT APPLIED FOR, June 29, 1865.

AN EXACT and RELIABLE Pocket TIMEKEEPER for Ladies and Gentlemen. A decidedly unique and wonderful Novelty. Correctly constructed on the most approved SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES, and warranted to DENOTE SOLAR TIME with absolute certainty and the utmost precision. More truthful than the most costly and elaborate timekeeper of modern manufacture. It never can be wrong. It requires NO KEY or winding up; NEVER RUNS DOWN, and can never be too fast or too slow. It is a most remarkable article. Just introduced into this country from Europe, where it is secured by ROYAL LETTERS PATENT. Price for a single one, with plain or fancy white dial, in gold or silver gilt case, only $1. Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on receipt of price. Safe delivery guaranteed. SPECIAL NOTICE. Our ORIGINAL article being the *only one* LEGALLY PROTECTED from infringement, *all persons* are cautioned from buying or offering for sale any IMITATION, under no matter what ALTERATION OF NAME, or they will be liable to FINE and IMPRISONMENT. Beware of IMPOSTORS, who imitate this advertisement with a view to swindling the public, by offering a *useless article* (with a slight alteration of name) ENTIRELY UNLIKE our *genuine* Timekeeper. All orders must be addressed to J. W. DELAMERE & CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS, 204-206 Broadway, N.Y.

"KIT-TA-TINNY."

MAGNIFICENT SALE.
GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c., &c.
THE ONE DOLLAR PLAN.

The ENTIRE STOCK of one Gold and Silver Watch Manufactury, two immense Jewelry Establishments, one Musical Instrument and Sewing Machine Warehouse, one Silver Plating Warehouse, one Gold Pen and Pencil Maker, to be disposed of with dispatch,

WITHOUT REGARD TO COST.

The goods are of fashionable styles and most excellent workmanship, and are sacrificed in this manner to relieve the proprietors from embarrassment occasioned by a distracting war.

THE PLAN IS SIMPLE.

The name of each article offered for sale—as Gold Hunting Watch, Musical Box, Silver Cake Basket, &c.—is written on a card and inclosed in a sealed envelope; these envelopes are then placed in a drawer and well mixed; then as an order is received, with 25 cents for return postage and charges, one of the cards or certificates is taken out at random, and sent by first mail to the customer, who will see at once what he can get for ONE DOLLAR. One certificate will be sent for 25 cents; 5 for $1; 11 for $2; 30 for $5; 65 for $10; and 100 for $15.

AGENTS WANTED throughout the country to operate for us. A large compensation will be paid. Send for terms, &c., inclosing stamp. Write your Name, Town, County, and State plainly, and address
GOLDSWORTHY BROTHERS, 163 Broadway, New York.

DR. GLOVER'S LEVER TRUSS retains and cures more ruptures than any other. It gives perfect ease and comfort. Elastic stockings, belts, bandages, crutches, &c. No. 11 ANN STREET. Established 30 years.

FIRST PREMIUM IMPROVED
$5 SEWING MACHINE. $5
The Embodiment of Practical Utility and Extreme Simplicity.

Originally patented May 13, 1862; Improvement patented June 9, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, a most wonderful and elegantly-constructed Novelty, is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, and *works horizontal*, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS. Makes the RUNNING-STITCH more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN STITCHES to each evolution of the Wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c.; requires no change of stitch; IS NOT LIABLE TO GET OUT OF ORDER, being the strongest machine made, and will last a LIFETIME. It is *no infringement on any other patent*. It has taken the PREMIUM at STATE FAIRS, and received the approval of all the principal journals and of those who have USED them.

"For the dressmaker it is invaluable; for the household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"It uses a common needle, sews very rapidly, and is so easily understood that a child can use it."—*Independent.*

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly, with a common needle, makes the running stitch exactly like hand-sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Circular, containing liberal inducements, sent free.
FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, Office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

GREENBACKS ARE GOOD—ROBACKS ARE BETTER.

The best tonic and ague preventive in the world. 50,000 bottles sold monthly. Sold by dealers every where. Demas Barnes & Co., Wholesale Agents, New York. C. W. Roback, Proprietor, Cincinnati.

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THE ELEVENTH YEAR OF THE ENTERPRISE.
NEW BOOKS AND NEW GIFTS.
A GIFT WITH EVERY BOOK.

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Catalogues sent free on receipt of red stamp. Address G. G. EVANS, 630 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

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TERMS: $2 50 a year; 3 copies for $6; 5 copies, and 1 to getter-up of club, $10. Single Numbers for sale by News Agents throughout the United States. Two volumes a year, beginning in January and July. Address
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ALL WORKS ON PHONOGRAPHY, HYDROPATHY, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHNOLOGY, MECHANISM, PHOTOGRAPHY, ANATOMY, MEDICINE, AGRICULTURE, EDUCATION, &c., supplied by Messrs. FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York. See our SPECIAL LIST of Private Medical Works. AGENTS WANTED.

$1,000,000 Worth
OF
Watches, Jewelry, and Silverware.

To be disposed of at ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive.

100 Gold Hunting-Case Watches ....each $125 00
500 Silver Watches ....each $20 00 to 35 00
10,000 Gold Pens and Silver Cases... " 5 00 to 8 00

And a large assortment of Jewelry and Silverware of every description. The method of disposing of these goods at ONE DOLLAR each is as follows:

Certificates, naming each article and its value, are placed in sealed envelopes and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents; five for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5.

Agents wanted, to whom we offer special terms and premiums. Address, A. H. ROWEN & CO., 36 Beekman Street. P. O. Box 4270, New York.

Hawkes Improved Fountain Pen. One filling writes 8 to 12 hours. Also other styles of pens. Sent by mail. Send stamp for circular. G. F. HAWKES, Patentee and Sole Manufacturer, 64 Nassau St., New York.

DON'T BE FOOLISH.

You can make Six Dollars from Fifty Cents. Call and examine an invention urgently needed by every body. Or a sample sent free by mail for 50c. that retails easily for $6, by R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, New York.

$200 A MONTH GUARANTEED

To a limited number of enterprising men, to engage in a business of indispensable utility to every body. Address C. L. VAN ALLEN & BROS., 184 Washington St., N. Y.

AGENTS and DEALERS in FANCY GOODS—a salable and profitable article. Send 25 cents for sample and trade-list. W. C. Wemyss, 575 Broadway, New York.

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At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 65 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

$3 ALBUMS—finely bound—two gilt clasps—for 50 photographs. Sent by mail for $3 00.
$5 ALBUMS—very handsome—rims brass bound—two clasps—for 50 photographs. By mail for $5 00.
Articles, presents, Yankee notions of all kinds. Everybody send for catalogues. W. C. Wemyss, 575 Broadway, N.Y.

SOMETHING NEW,

Of interest to all. Inclose three Red Stamps, and send for Circular, to H. S. GREER, ARTIST, 46 John Street, New York.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
AMERICAN POCKET TIME-KEEPER.
FIFTY CENTS EACH.

The most novel and useful invention of the age. Constructed on the most approved scientific principles, and warranted to denote solar time with greater accuracy than the most expensive gold or silver repeater, while the low price at which it is sold places it within the reach of every one. It is emphatically THE timepiece for the million. Neat, cheap, and warranted perfectly accurate; can never get out of order. No one should be without it. Price, with white enameled dial in gold or silver gilt, 50 cts. Sent by mail postpaid to any part of the world. CAUTION—This invention is the sole property of the American Manufacturing Company, and all parties are cautioned against buying or offering for sale any IMITATION, under no matter what ALTERATION OF NAME. Address AMERICAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY, West Troy, N. Y.

Brandreth's Pills

Mildly but certainly relieve the bowels of all contrary to health; a single dose has often been the means of saving a valuable life. By using this medicine when sick, you assist nature to throw from the system those matters upon which disease depends for continuance.

INFLUENZA is soon cured by Brandreth's Pills. When the headache and fever continue, they should be used daily so as to produce full effects. When the fever is better use smaller doses. The worst attacks are often cured in forty-eight hours.

See B. BRANDRETH on the Government stamp.

ARCANA WATCH.

As elegant, durable, and reliable as the finest gold watch. Gent's size, Hunting case, Lever, $25. Ladies' Hunting case, $25. Six for $125. ARCANA WATCH CO., 62 Fulton Street, New York. P. O. Box 5614.

WHY SHOULD YOU WEAR A BEARD? BECAUSE IT PROTECTS THE THROAT, and saves you from colds and toothache. But there are some people whose beards won't grow; and to those people I say that MY ONGUENT will force it to grow on the smoothest face, and within six weeks from the first application. It is perfectly harmless to the skin, and will not stain or injure it. I have now to charge $1 20 per package, on receipt of which sum I will send it to any address; or it can be had of almost any Druggist or Perfumer in the United States.
R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau Street, New York.

PARLOR ORGANS.

The HIGHEST PREMIUM, a SPECIAL GOLD MEDAL, was awarded to us by the late great Fair of the AMERICAN INSTITUTE over all competitors for the best instruments.

A Gold Medal was awarded to CARHART, NEEDHAM, & CO. for the best Reed Instrument on exhibition—a most just testimonial. The award for the second best instrument of this class was made to James M. Pelton, exhibitor and agent of the Pelonbet organ; and the third award was given to Mason and Hamlin.—WATSON'S *Art Journal.*

"I can speak of them in the highest terms."—G. W. MORGAN.

"The finest instruments of the class I ever saw."—GEO. F. BRISTOW.

"The *best* instruments of their class."—WM. A. KING.

"*The tone is incomparable—far in advance* of any other instrument of a similar kind."—CHARLES FRAEDEL.

Illustrated Catalogues sent by mail.
CARHART, NEEDHAM, & CO., No. 97 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

BOUND VOLUMES
OF
Harper's Weekly,

From the commencement, will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding .... $7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco .... 10 00 "

Each Volume contains One Year.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

Important Announcement.

GREAT SALE of
WATCHES, CHAINS, DIAMOND RINGS, &C.
One Million Dollars' Worth!
TO BE DISPOSED OF AT
ONE DOLLAR EACH!
Without regard to value!! Not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive!!!

SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES!
All to be sold at One Dollar Each!!

300	Musical Boxes, each	$20 to	$150
150	" " with Bells and Castinets	200 "	500
500	Silver Teapots and Coffee Urns	20 "	50
500	" Chafing Dishes	30 "	100
1000	" Ice Pitchers	20 "	50
2500	" Syrup Cups with Salvers	20 "	50
5000	" Goblets and Drinking Cups	5 "	50
3000	" Castors	15 "	50
2000	" Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets	20 "	50
5000	Dozen Silver Tea Spoons, per dozen	10 "	20
10,000	" " Table Spoons and forks, per dozen	20 "	40
250	Gents' Gold Hunting-Case Watches	50 "	150
250	Ladies' Gold and Enameled Hunting-Case Watches	35 "	70
500	Gents' Hunting-Case Silver Watches	35 "	70
200	Diamond Rings	50 "	100
5,000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains	4 "	30
3,000	Gold Oval Band Bracelets	4 "	8
5,000	Jet and Gold Bracelets	6 "	10
2,000	Chatelaine Chains and Guard Chains	5 "	20
7,000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4 "	10
5,000	Coral, Opal, and Emerald Brooches	4 "	8
5,000	Mosaic, Jet, Lava, and Florentine Ear Drops	4 "	8
7,500	Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops	4 "	6
4,000	California Diamond Breast-Pins	2 50 "	10
3,000	Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50 "	8
4,000	Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides	3 "	10
5,000	Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, etc.	3 "	8
3,000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc.	4 "	6
10,000	Miniature Lockets	2 50 "	10
4,000	" " Magic Spring	10 "	20
3,000	Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc.	2 "	8
5,000	Plain Gold Rings	4 "	10
5,000	Chased Gold Rings	4 "	11
10,000	Stone Set and Signet Rings	2 50 "	10
10,000	California Diamond Rings	2 "	10
7,500	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet and Gold	5 "	15
6,000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Cameo, Pearl, Opal, and other stones	4 "	15
10,000	Gold Pens, Silver Extension-Holders and Pencils	4 "	10
10,000	Gold Pens and Gold-Mounted Holders	6 "	10
5,000	Gold Pens and Gold Extension-Holders	15 "	25
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles	5 "	15
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Bars and Balls	5 "	10

ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents, No. 167 Broadway, New York, announce that all of the above list of goods will be sold for One Dollar Each.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of valuable Jewelry, originally intended for the English market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE!

Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., acting as Agents for the principal European Manufacturers, have resolved upon a *Great Gift Apportionment*, to be divided according to the following regulations:

Certificates of the various articles are put into envelopes indiscriminately, sealed up; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus showing no favoritism. On receipt of the certificate you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

Send 25 cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

What the "Press" say of us.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, varying in value, and all are offered at one dollar each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and may be $50 or $100. An excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, N. Y. City, Feb.* 19, 1865.

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*N. Y. Scottish American Journal, June* 11, 1864.

We have inspected at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency for European Manufacturing Jewelers, a large assortment of fashionable and valuable jewelry of the newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of silver plate, and understand that the whole of these newly-imported articles are to be disposed of on a novel principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents. We know the firm in question to be very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*N. Y. Albion, Sept.* 3, 1864.

By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he has every thing to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. He knows what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*N. Y. Weekly News, Aug.* 6, 1864.

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only in filling her own purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen by our advertising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury, August* 14, 1864.

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewelry, and silverware. In payment of that advertisement we received several sets of the jewelry advertised, and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*True Democrat (Lewistown), August* 17, 1864.

The *British Whig of Kingston, C. W.*, say, Nov. 26, 1964, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some twenty articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

We have seen some very pretty specimens of Table and Tea Spoons, Gold Watches, Ladies' Chains, Pins, Bracelets, etc., which have been sent by Arrandale & Co. to this place for $1 each.—*Angelica Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb.* 15, 1865.

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps.

ARRANDALE & CO.,
167 Broadway, New York.

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Wholesale and Retail.

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Have the best assorted Stock of Parlor, Dining-Room, and Bed-Room Furniture, Spring Beds, and Bedding, in the Union.
Our Facilities for manufacturing at Low Prices defy Competition.

"Put Money in thy Purse."

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Wanted: MEN and WOMEN, BOYS and GIRLS, to send for our magnificent IMPERIAL ILLUSTRATED CHART OF INSTRUCTIONS in a very beautiful and highly popular BUSINESS, that can be done at home, and PAYS IMMENSELY—a *few cents'* worth of material producing *several dollars' worth* of work, for which there is a ready DEMAND in every city, town, and village in the Union.

With this Chart we will forward a PRESENT, consisting of either
A Gent's Silver Lever Watch;
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One Hundred popular Card-Pictures;
Twenty-five Colored Stereoscopic Views;
Or some one of a variety of pretty and useful articles.

Inclose $1 30, for which you will receive the CHART and a PRESENT, or send 10 cents for a CIRCULAR (or $1 for 15 circulars), which names the Present to which you would be entitled with the Chart.

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